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Miscellaneous Poems.



WILLIAM HENRY HARRIS

Miscellaneous Poems.

ON

RELIGIOUS, MORAL,

AND

ENTERTAINING SUBJECTS:

COLLECTED

From the best ENGLISH AUTHORS.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.—HON.



LIMERICK: Printed by J. FERRAR, 1773.

*70-692

Miscellaneous Forms

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nion they will be most carefully read by all such as have their ETERNAL HAPPINESS at heart. They are all calculated both to instruct and please the Reader: Without offending any sect of Christians whatsoever. It is a sad truth, that, a Collection of obscene Jest, or foolish Songs, calculated only to destroy Youth or help Old-age to Sin, would be more eagerly bought up by the Men of the present age, than a Collection of Divine Poems, published purely to instruct all, (but especially the young) and make their minds in love with Wisdom, "whose ways, are ways of pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace."

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Errata.

- Page 43, line 15, for *dear* read *dear*.
 Page 47, line 16, for *low'ring* read *low'ring*.
 Page 150, line 8, read *save me*.

Miscellaneous



Miscellaneous Poems

Know yourself. By the late Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

 **W** H A T am I? how produc'd? and for
what end?
Whence drew I being? to what period
tend?

Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance?
Dropt by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought
And of unthinking substance, born with thought:
By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws?
Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood;
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?
The purple stream that through my vessels
glides,
Dull and unconscious flows like common tides:
The pipes through which the circling juices
stray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they.

A

This

This frame compacted with transcendent skill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder
tree,

Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me :
New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains,
The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains :
And from the fleeting stream, repair'd by food,
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.
What am I then? sure of a nobler birth,
By parent's right, I own as mother earth ;
But claim superior lineage to my fire,
Who warm'd the unthinking clod with heavenly
fire :

Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,
By double nature, double instinct sway'd ;
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky ;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,
Ty'd to this massy globe with magic chain.

Now with swift thought I range from pole to
pole,

View worlds around their flaming centers roll :
What steady power their endless motions guide,
Thro' the same trackless paths of boundless void!
I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail

And weigh the whirling planets in a scale :
These Godlike thoughts, while eager I pursue
Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind ;
Some beastly want, craving importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Cuts off from heav'nly truth this reason'ing me,
And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.

If

If on sublimer wings of love and praise,
 My soul above the starry vault I raise,
 Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
 I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust:
 The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty strain,
 Stops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
 By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
 I rove to one now to the other coast:
 To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
 My lot unequal to my vast desires.
 As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth,
 Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;
 So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
 Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd:
 Pity him, beasts! you by no law confin'd,
 Are barr'd from devious paths, by being blind;
 Whilst man, through op'ning views of various
 ways,
 Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
 Too weak to choose yet choosing still in haste,
 One moment gives the pleasure and distaste,
 Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
 The flatt'ring future still must give the joy.
 Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
 And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
 Whether next sun his being shall restrain
 To endless nothing, happiness or pain.
 Around me, lo, the thinking, thoughtless crew,
 (Bewilder'd each) their different paths pursue
 Of them I ask the way; the first replies,
 Thou art a God; and sends me to the skies,
 Down on the turf (the next) thou too-legg'd beast.
 There fix thy lot, thy bliss, and endless rest;
 Between these wide extreams the length is such
 I find, I know too little, or too much,

" Almighty power, by whose most wise command

" Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand;

" Take this faint glimmering of thyself away,

" Or break into my soul with perfect day."

This said, expanded lay the sacred text,

The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd

Thus the benighted traveller that strays

Thro' doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays;

The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,

Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.

" O truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray

" I grope and guess no more, but see my way;

" Thou clear'd the secret of my high descent,

" And told me what those mystick tokens

" meant;

" Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,

" Too hard for worldly sages to explain.

" Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,

" Their systems false, delusive were their

" dreams;

" Unskill'd my two-fold nature to divide,

" One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my

" pride :

" Those jarring truths which human art beguile,

" Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile."

Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,

What thou once wer't, art now, and still may

be,

Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;

Faultless thou dropt from his unerring skill,

With the bare power to sin, since free of will :

Yet charge not with thy guilt, his bounteous

love,

For who has power to walk, has power to rove :

Who

Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deserve ;

And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.

Borne on thy new imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,

Left thy creator, and the realms of light ;

Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil ;

And thought to grow a God by doing ill :

Though by foul guilt thy heavenly form de-
fac'd,

In nature chang'd, from happy mansions
chac'd,

Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly
fire,

Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire ;

Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,

And brute enough to make thy search in vain.

The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,

Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce ;

Repast ill suited to such different guests,

For what thy sense desires, thy soul distates ;

Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride

Curb'd, or deferr'd, or baulk'd, or gratify'd,

Rage on, and make thee equally unblest ;

In what thou want'st, and what thou hast pos-
sess'd :

In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod,

Return and seek thy Father and thy God :

Yet think not to regain thy native sky,

Borne on the wings of vain philosophy ;

Mysterious passage ! hid from human eyes ;

Soaring, you'll sink, and sinking you will
rise :

Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide,

Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.

The



The fall of the Leaf; a sacred ODE.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
In a sad and solemn sound.

“ Sons of Adam once in Eden
When like us he blighted fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis alas! the truth we tell.

“ Virgins much, too much presuming
On your boasted white and red,
View us late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead,

“ Griping misers nightly waking
See the end of all your care,
Fled on wings of our own making
We have left our owners bare.

“ Sons of honour, fed on praises,
Fluttering high in fancy'd worth,
Lo! the fickle air that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.

“ Learned sops, in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call
Cease at length, by us persuaded,
Every leaf must have its fall.

“ Youths, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you
Summer gives to Autumn place.

“ Venerable

“ Venerable Sires, grown hoary,
Hither turn th’ unwilling eye,
Think amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a Winter nigh.

“ Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach the truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.

“ On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be stay’d,
Which alone for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.”



DAVID'S Lamentation for SAUL and JONATHAN,
By the Rev. Mr. FAWKES, M. A.

THE flow'r of Israel withers on the plain;
How are the mighty on the mountains slain!
In Gath, ah! never this dishonour name,
Nor in the streets of Askelon proclaim:
Least the sad tidings of our country's woe
Cause triumph to the daughters of the foe.
May Heaven, Gilboa, on thy heights ne'er pour
The dew refreshing, or the fruitful show'r;
Ne'er may thy furrows give the golden seed,
Nor from thy folds the fleecy victims bleed;
There, mighty men thro' fear, their shields re-
sign'd;

The shield of Saul was basely left behind
Thy bow, O Jonathan, oft strew'd the plain
With carcases of valiant heroes slain;
Thy sword, O Saul, ne'er left its sheath in vain.

Blest

Blest pair ! whom love with sweetest concord
tied,

Whom glory join'd, and death could not divide.
Dreadful through all the war they mov'd along,
Swift as the eagle, as the lion strong.

Weep, weep for Saul, ye nymphs, whose bounty
drest

Israel's fair daughters in the scarlet vest,
Who gave you gold, and pearls, your robes to
deck,

And rings and jewels, for your hands and neck.
Thy prowess, much lov'd Jonathan, prov'd
vain ;

How are the mighty on the mountains slain !
From me, O Jonathan, for ever dear,
Thy fate, alas ! demands th' eternal tear !
Where can such faith, such piety be found ?
Such pleasing converse with firm friendship
bound ?

Thy love was wondrous, soothing all my care,
Passing the fond affection of the fair.

How are the mighty on the mountains slain !
And all the instruments of battle vain !



Doomsday, from HERBERT.

"COME to Judgment, come away !"
(Hark, I hear the Angel say,
Summoning the dust to rise)
Haste, resume, and lift your eyes ;
Hear, ye sons of Adam hear,
"Man before thy God appear."

Come

Come to Judgment, come away!
 This the last, the dreadful day,
 Sov'reign author, Judge of all,
 Dust obeys thy quick'ning call,
 Dust no other voice will heed:
 Thine the trump that wakes the dead.

Come to Judgment, come away!
 Ling'ring man no longer stay;
 Thee let earth at length restore,
 Pris'ner in her womb no more;
 Burst the barriers of the tomb,
 Rise to meet thy instant doom!

Come to Judgment, come away!
 Wide disperst howe'er ye stray,
 'Lost in fire, or air, or main,
 Kindred atoms meet again;
 Sepulchred where'er ye rest,
 Mix'd with fish, or bird, or beast.

Come to Judgment, come away!
 Help, O CHRIST, thy works decay:
 Man is out of order hurl'd,
 Parcel'd out of all the world.
 LORD thy humble servant raise,
 And my musick shall be praise.



The Ignorance of Man.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant griev'd
 With hunger thirst and pain,
 That asks to have the wants reliev'd
 It knows not to explain.

B

Aloud

2
Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters as it can,
The woes that in it's bosom rise,
And speak it's nature man.

3
That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try,
(Sad proof of sins transmissive pow'r !)
That infant, Lord ! am I :

4
A childhood, yet, my thoughts confess,
Tho' long in years mature ;
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where or what is cure.

5
Author of good ! to thee I turn ;
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

6
O Let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide :
That love shall vainer love expell,
That fear all fears beside.

7
And O ! by error's force subdu'd
Since oft my stubborn will,
Prepost'rous, shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill ;

8
Not to my wish, but to my wants
Do thou thy gifts apply :
Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant,
What ill, though ask'd, deny.

ODE for the New Year. By Mr. WOTY.

1

NOW, Time, rejoice! round sorrow twist
thy chain!

For thou art young, thou art new-born again.

Bid ev'ry deep-mouth'd cannon roar,

And wake to mirth the sleeping shore.

And let the shrill-tongu'd trumpet's note

On echo's airy bosom float.

To bless and to adore the infant year,

Bring in the van brisk health, and riches in the
rear,

2

Tho' death has laid thy mighty monarch low,

And swell'd the tide of universal woe,

Yet cease, ah! cease to mourn, for all

Must wait the tyrant's final call.

There's no reversing his decree

For he shall vanquish even thee.

Behold another GEORGE ascends the throne,

Who, like his Sire, shall reign unrivall'd and
alone.

3

Thus, when by Heaven's unalterable laws,

The pale-ey'd star of eve its flame withdraws,

Succeeds a space of gloomy night,

And nature weeps the loss of light.

She drops her dark-bound front a while,

But soon renews her lovely smile;

When Heos * chases ev'ry fear away,

Throws night behind his orb, and dawns the
coming day.

B 2

Tell

* The Morning Star.

4

Tell me, prophetic Time! I sue to thee;
 And tho' a Briton, bend my pliant knee,
 To rise I never will presume,
 'Till thou hast spoke my country's doom.

" Shall triumph-looking peace again;
 " Direct her dove to Albion's plain."
 " And where abroad the cypress rears its head,
 " Say! shall she plant the blooming Olive in its
 " stead?

5

" Say, shall my prince, who now the sceptre
 " wields!
 " Restore the harvest to Germania's fields!
 " Shall he chastise fierce Gallia's pride,
 " And bid her insolence subside,
 " And on some future, happy day,
 " Wipe every orphan's tear away,
 " Unlock the urn, where plenty keeps her store,
 " And bid united legions rest, and war no more.

6

" It shall be so, " thou say'st," it shall be so,
 " Nor need thy country dread th' invading foe;
 " For chid by thy new Monarch now,
 " Old Mars himself to him shall bow.
 " Peace, with her gentle dove, again,
 " Shall settle on *Britannia's* plain;
 " And where abroad the Cypress rears its head,
 " She there shall plant the blooming Olive in its
 " stead.

7

" Thy native Prince who now the sceptre wields,
 " Shall pour the harvest o'er Germania's fields,
 " The rage of Gallia shall deride,
 " And clip the pinions of her pride,
 " He

" He soon too, on some happy day,
 " Shall wipe each orphans tear away ;
 " Ope wide the urn where plenty locks her store
 " Bid freedom soar aloft, and nations war no
 " more."

Britons, one and all come hither,
 Whether do ye fly ? ah whither !
 Stop, and hear the voice of time
 Sounding blessings on your clime.

Touch the many corded lyre.
 Higher swell the tone, and higher ;
 Trill the flute, the viol sweep,
 Lulling echo fast asleep.

Sons of industry and labour,
 Blow the pipe, and beat the tabor,
 And let all unite the strain,
 " Time is now grown young again."



The tenth ODE of the second Book of HORACE.
 By N. COTTON, M. D.

WOU'D you, my friend, true bliss obtain,
 Nor tempt the coast, nor press the main,
 In open seas loud tempests roar,
 And treacherous rocks begirt the shore.

Hatred to all extremes is seen
 In those who love the golden mean.
 They nor in palaces rejoice,
 Nor is the sordid cot their choice.

The middle state of life is best,
 Exalted stations find no rest ;

Storms

Storms shake the aspiring pine and tower,
And mountains feel the thunder's pow'r.

The mind prepar'd for each event,
In every state maintains content ;
She hopes the best, when storms prevail,
Nor trusts too far the prosperous gale.

Should time returning winters bring,
Returning winter yields to spring.
Shou'd darkness shroud the present skies,
Hereafter brighter suns shall rise.

When Pœan shoots his fiery darts,
Disease and death transfix our hearts ;
But oft the God with-holds his bow,
In pity to the race below.

When clouds the angry Heaven deform.
Be strong, and brave the swelling storm.,
Amidst prosperity's full gales
Be humble, and contract your sails.



*A new Translation of MARTIAL's celebrated Epi-
gram to his Friend JULIUS MARTIAL.*

*Si tecum mihi, chare Martialis,
Securis liceat frui diebus,*

See Mart. Ep. 21. Lib. 5.

OH! could I disencumber'd once and free,
Enjoy true life, my dearest friend, with thee ;
No courts, nor camps, nor cities, nor the noise,
Of wrangling suits, should interrupt our joys,
But

But walks, and harmless sports, and pleasant
 rhyme,
 And books, and converse should improve our
 time.
 Now vex'd with cares we spend our suns in
 pain,
 For us they rise, for us they set in vain.
 Can any mortal man, ye sages say,
 Know how to live indeed and yet delay.



Epitaph on a young Clergyman.

By Mr. C. SMART, M. A.

WAS rhet'ric on the lips of sorrow hung,
 Or could affliction lend the heart a tongue,
 There should my soul, in noble anguish free,
 Do glorious justice to her grief and thee.
 But ah ! when loaded with a weight of woe,
 Ev'n nature, blessed nature is our foe.
 When we should praise, we sympathetic groan,
 For sad mortality is all our own.
 Yet but a word ; as lowly as he lies,
 He spurns all empires and asserts the skies.
 Blush, pow'r ! he had no int'rest here below ;
 Blush, malice ! that he dy'd without a foe ;
 The universal friend, so form'd t' engage,
 Was far too precious for this world and age.
 Years were deny'd (for such his worth and truth)
 Kind Heav'n has call'd him to eternal youth.

The Day of Judgment. By Mr. OGILVIE.

BUT, O my soul! th' amazing theme forbear,
 Nor dare to paint what Angels dread to hear;
 Let heavenly bliss thy cooler thoughts confine,
 And smooth with softer scenes the flowing line.
 Yet stay! one moment bid the whole unfold,
 Clear the bright gem from it's surrounding
 mould:
 To warm the breast, and touch unthinking
 youth,
 An awful pause may cull some useful truth:
 May raise the passions with becoming pride,
 'Tis virtue's call, nor be the call deny'd.
 Would'st thou O man! avoid th' unbounded
 woe?
 Would'st feel thy breast with endless raptures
 glow?
 Would'st thou with triumph hear the thunders
 roll;
 That rock the nodding earth from pole to pole?
 Retire.—be deaf to grandeur's vain alarm,
 It's gilded darts, that sting thee while they
 charm:
 Let life's gay scenes engage thy soul no more,
 Pomp, beauty, youth, the bubbles of an hour:
 Fix every thought on thy immortal part;
 Bid Heaven attend!—then, trembling ask thy
 heart,
 “ How have I walk'd thro' all this mazy road?
 “ How liv'd, to gain the plaudit of my God?
 “ How spoke? how acted? how improv'd the
 boon
 “ On all bestow'd, from all resum'd so soon?”
 Say,

Thee let me worship with obedience true,
 Whom pastoral simplicities adorn,
 When eve puts on her sandals wash'd in dew,
 When earth receives the virgin kifs of morn.

O! Let me frequent from the plains retire,
 And to thy cool refreshing grotts repair,
 When sultry Phœbus, with meridian fire,
 Scorches the panting bosom of the air.

Shew me, kind Druid, some pacific dale,
 From tumult lead my willing footsteps far,
 Nor let me hear the sadly sounding tale,
 Of armies victim'd in the field of war.

On me, ambition! may'st thou never prey,
 Nor discompose one feature of my mind!
 Enough! thou snatch'd my *Paridel* away,
 Who left his pensive *Altamont* behind.

Perhaps ev'n now, while here the rustic lay
 I tune, complative over nature's page,
 Thousands stand forth in terrible array,
 And hosts, with hosts in deeds of death en-
 gage.

Full many a tear to come, will mothers shed;
 In all the raving impotence of woe;
 And many a father for his darling dead,
 Will feel the pang that none but fathers
 know.

Happy for me, that underneath this shade,
 I sit sequester'd from the busy throng,
 Hear struggling rills rough gurgles thro' the
 glade,
 And listen to the black-bird's mellow song.
 What!

What tho fair Iris fits not on thy wing,
Nor sprinkles on thy breast her heav'nly
dye;

Sweet harmonist ! I'd rather hear thee sing,
Than all the noisy minstrels of the sky,

Why dances thus yon butterfly so gay,
Beating the air in many an idle ring ?
Go, spread thy colours to the noon tide ray ;
And bid the painter emulate thy wing.

Lost is the lustre of thy silky vest,
Here, where no multitudes it's gloss descry ;
Hence, where spectators may observe thee best,
Nor hide thy tinctures from the public eye.

With awful gloom the solemn place is fill'd,
No splendid object strikes upon the sight,
Save where the sun the dark-brown scene to
gild,
Draws his long measuring line of silver light.

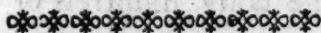
High overhead is perch'd the clam'rous rook,
Croaking harsh notes from her discordant
tongue !

With secret pleasure she surveys the nook,
Where she has built the cradle for her young.

Here let me muse, until my eyes behold,
The glim'ring moon, and brilliant stars ap-
pear,

Until the last low tinkling of the fold,
No longer tremble in attention's ear.

Then homeward let me meditate my way,
 Wrapt in the silence of Angelic thought,
 Each glowing orb with wond'ring eye survey,
 And praise the great director, as I ought.



*Liberty an ODE. By the Rev. WALTER
 SHIRLEY, A. B.*

I

O'E R hill, o'er dale, o'er mountains wide
 extent,

In quest of Liberty I fondly stray'd ;
 Still wander'd on, unknowing where I went ;
 Charm'd by report alone I lov'd the maid.
 For oft in senates had I heard her name ;
 In pop'lous meetings oft applauded high :
 And sometimes, speaking thro' the trump of
 fame,

Patriots had claim'd her for their near ally.
 O Tell me where's this wonder to be found ?
 Or lives she in the air ? Or dwells on fairy
 ground ?

2

As late I sought her in a verdant grove,
 A Nymph approach'd, and whisper'd in my ear,
 " Give o'er thy search, see Liberty in love ;
 " Give o'er thy search, the ready nymph is
 here !
 " By these distinguish'd names I'm far ador'd ;
 " And all the gay, and all the young, are
 mine ;
 " No rude restraint my specious courts afford ;
 " No peevish laws the loosen'd will confine.
 " Yet

“ Yet some, or dull of taste, or over-nice,
 “ Spurn all these proffer’d goods, and madly
 call me vice.”

3

She spoke, and now, presenting (as in play)
 A Fillet, fain she wou’d have bound my
 eyes ;
 But I, impatient of secluded day,
 Resisted warmly, for I scorn’d surprize.
 When lo ! Three galling chains before con-
 ceal’d,
 Dropt from her side, and, rattling, fell to
 ground :
 Lust, death and misery, on the fetter’s seal’d ;
 And each had fretted deep, a ghastly wound.
 And art thou Liberty ? I smiling, said :
 The forc’refs, sore dismay’d, with conscious
 horror fled.

4

At court I ask’d, if Liberty were there ?
 The courtiers laugh’d, and ridicul’d her
 name :
 Yet some had lov’d the visionary fair ;
 But solid gold had wak’d them from their
 dream.
 In vain I sought her in the soldier’s tent ;
 The slave of glory knew not where she
 dwelt :
 Under her banners to the wars he went ;
 But ne’er her sacred influence had felt.
 In cities much she’s talk’d of, never found :
 For av’rice drove her hence, and still maintains
 her Ground.

In

5

In rural sports I pass'd a weary day;
 Each jocund youth pretended she was there;
 But cruelty, and noise, and wild dismay,
 Could ne'er prevail, if Liberty were near,
 But oft Licentiousness her name assumes;
 Her easy gesture, and her light attire;
 And, mingling with the riotous, presumes
 Lawless to sanctify her baleful fire.
 Oft blazing forth amidst the giddy crowd,
 Treason she leads in hand, and ruin threatens
 loud.

6

A † School-master I met, of brow severe,
 Who held an antient book he call'd the law:
 Aloud he read, with accent full and clear;
 Prostrate I bow'd with reverential awe.
 " All this, says he, you strictly must obey;
 " Nor dream of Liberty this side the grave."
 Then, sternly viewing me, he went his way;
 And left me, doom'd an everlasting slave.
 How should I dare to disobey his will?
 Or how should I, alas! such strict commands
 fulfil?

7

Bound by this law, I labour'd, wept, and
 pray'd;
 And tedious thought the day, and long the
 night:
 Works left undone my conscience did upbraid;
 And all was ill perform'd, and nothing right.

† The Law was our School-master to bring us to
 CHRIST.

Gal. 3. 24.

All

All weary and athirst I press'd the ground;
 And almost with'd life's fretful fever o'er:
 When, to my ears, a more than mortal sound,
 Soft, still, and sweet, this heav'nly message
 bore.

" Here, lab'rer, here for ever quench thy thirst;
 " No second draught you need; sufficient is the
 " first."

8

Erect I stood, and strait a rock I view'd,
 From whence a stream translucid seem'd to
 leap:

Already were my spirits half renew'd
 And deep I drank, for Oh! my thirst was
 deep.

What joy! what life the potent draught convey'd
 No tongue can utter, and no heart conceive:
 Light felt my bosom, and, as man new-made,
 From this blest'd hour, I but began to live.
 All former years I wish'd to be forgot;
 For all my former acts were one continu'd blot.

9

Now from a neighb'ring mount descending down,
 Of Angel form, I saw a smiling maid:

One hand a sponge, the other held a crown:

" And now behold true Liberty," she said,

" All your transgressions thus are wip'd away;

" And this your growing faith shall well re-
 ward;

" The genius of this rock, thus bid me say,

" The Saviour of my life, my mighty Lord.

" He gave me free to rove along the plains:

" When death, and hell, my foes he bound in
 lasting Chains.

Then

Then to my task, with giant strength, I flew;
 And Liberty my sweet companion went:
 Care fled my breast, and toil a pleasure grew;
 Light was the burden, and the yoke unbent.
 From Liberty I learnt new songs of praise;
 From her each blissful moment to employ:
 Loud to the west, my voice she bade me raise;
 And wretches call to quaff immortal joy.
 "Here, lab'rer, here for ever quench your
 thirst;
 "No second draught you need; sufficient is the
 first."

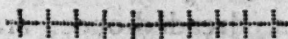


*Lines supposed to be spoke by Bishop CORBET to
 his Son VINCENT, as he lay in his Mother's
 Arms.*

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
 Yet all shall say, I wish thee well.
 I wish thee, *Vin*, beyond all wealth,
 Both bodily and ghostly health,
 Not too much means or wit come to thee,
 Too much of either will undo thee.
 I wish thee learning, not to show,
 But truly to instruct and know;
 Not such as gentlemen require,
 To prate at table, or at fire.
 I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
 Thy father's fortune and his places.
 I wish thee friends, and one at court,
 Not to build up, but to support:

To

To keep thee not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Not lazy nor contentious days:
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.



HANNAH'S Song, 1 Sam. C. 2.

HOW soon gay scenes of wanton pleasure
cloy!
How short is bliss, and how precarious joy!
Who trusts in fortune's smiles, will find them
vain,
For smoothest transports, menace sharpest
pain;
While those who groan beneath the weight of
cares,
Seek help from Heaven, and find relief in
prayers:
Nor this the pious Hannah vain believ'd;
Her woes are past, her sorrows are reliev'd.
Her prayers are granted, and a son is giv'n;
A Prophet's born, the minister of heav'n!
About her heart the boundless transports roll,
And thus to God she pours forth all her soul.
"To thee, great God, superlatively blest,
"I'll sing; for thou hast given thy servant
rest.
"Sing to the LORD triumphant and supreme!
"He first and last my tribute song shall
claim,

D

"His

" His name and glories with delight I'll raise,
 " And to my death, be sounding of his praise.
 " Vain throng, ye sons of insolence and pride;
 " No more the ways of providence deride;
 " In his just balance all the deeds are laid,
 " Your pond'rous sins, your lightest virtues
 weigh'd :
 " The heroes, dreaded once, are overthrown;
 " Their bows are broke, their armour useless
 grown ;
 " The soul, with want and penury oppress,
 " Through thee, great God, with dainties hath
 been blest,
 " While slaves to wasteful luxury and ease,
 " With sorrow find their ample stores decrease,
 " And thro' thy power the barren womb hath
 borne,
 " Her happy board a numerous race adorn :
 " Rejoice, O barren, for new births prepare,
 " While she prolific once, no more shall bear.
 " If life we gain, and tread in paths of bliss,
 " That life is God's, and all that joy is his.
 " Or if to death we plunge, pierc'd through
 with woes,
 " His mighty hand alike, these pains bestows ;
 " Whether we live or die, or rise or fall,
 " 'Tis God alone who guides and governs all !
 " The just shall live supported by his arm,
 " Unhurt by danger, and secure from harm.
 " But from his hand the slaves of vice shall
 share,
 " Dread scenes of death, of horror and despair.
 " Oh hapless souls ! reserv'd for woes to come,
 " When God shall judge, and fix the eternal
 doom,

" Whose

“ Whose name immortal shall be spread
abroad,

“ And wond’ring worlds adore th’ eternal
God.



A HYMN of PRAISE,

By the Rev. Mr. Watkinson.

ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend,
In whom are founded all my hopes :
In whom my wishes end.

My soul in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys,
And, fir’d with grateful zeal prepares
Her sacrifice of praise.

Thou lead’st me thro’ the maze of sleep;
And bring’st me safe to light,
And, with the same paternal care,
Conducts my steps ’till night.

When ev’ning slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

My spirit in thy hands, secure,
Fears no approaching ill,
For whether waking or asleep,
Thou, LORD, art with me still.

What fit return, can'st thou, my soul,
 Make to Almighty power
 For so much goodness, so much love!
 Such mercies!—every hour!

I'll daily to th' astonish'd world
 His wondrous acts proclaim;
 Acts! that will move each grateful heart
 With me to bless his name.

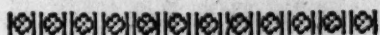
At morn, and noon, and night will I
 The growing work pursue,
 And him alone will praise, to whom
 All praise alone is due.



An Epitaph on a SAILOR.

TH O' boist'rous winds and raging waves,
 Have tost me to and fro,
 In spight of both by God's decree,
 I harbour here below:

Where at an anchor I do ride,
 With many of our fleet:
 Wet once again I shall set sail,
 Our Admiral CHRIST to meet.



Inscription for a Root-house.

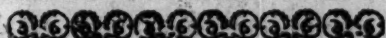
HITHER retire, and leave behind
 Grim care, corroder of the mind;
 Yon beechen grove, and verdant hill,
 Yon dafied vale and murm'ring rill

Invite

Invite you to the rural scene,
Where lodges sweet content the Queen,

Health blooming Dryad, deigns to tread
At morn, at eve, across the mead;
While temperance walks at early dawn
Over the dew-bespangled lawn;
And both their chearful carols sing,
Responsive to fair nature's king;

Haste from the City, haste away,
Here pass serene the Summer's day,
Among green shades and woody bowers,
And beds o'erspread with shrubs and flowers.
Hither retire, and leave behind
Grim care corroder of the mind,



Description of HEAVEN.

NO vital bread, no cordial wine
Shall store the board or bowl;
Th' essential pow'r of life divine,
Exists in every soul.

No pomp of wealth, no art-wrought vest,
The sons of Heaven demand,
In uncreated glory drest,
By God's Almighty hand.

In vain with him its feeble blaze
Would human pomp display,
Whose aspect dims the solar rays,
Whose smile is endless day.

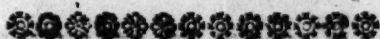
There

There dwells repose, that knows no pain,
 And joy's eternal tide :
 Oh ! haste that Heaven of bliss to gain,
 'Tis folly all beside.



An Epic Poem. By Mr. VOLTAIRE.

THE royal palm is fall'n † ! and in his stead,
 A tender scion rears its blooming head.
 Protect him Heav'n ! beneath his growing shade
 May *Britain* find each salutary aid !
 Conduct him, Mentor, in the paths of truth ;
 With mildest manners cultivate his youth ;
 Infuse such virtues in his ductile mind,
 As make a Prince the darling of mankind.
 Happy *Britannia*, hail his gentle sway,
 And bask, triumphant in the blaze of day !
 Science and ev'ry art with liberal hand
 Cherish'd by him, shall bless thy fav'rite land.
 See ! commerce beckon thee from ev'ry shore,
 And at thy feet her golden treasures pour.
 Avaunt fell discord and the God of war !
 Minerva's olive be thy future care.



Epitaph on a young Lady who died in Child-bed.

IF e'er thy bosom swell'd with grief sincere,
 View this sad shrine, and pour the pitying tear ;
 Here T—n lies, in whom all charms combin'd,
 All that e'er grac'd, or dignify'd her kind.

Farewell

† George 2d. Obliit October 25, 1760. *Ætat* 76.

Farewell bright pattern of unblemish'd youth,
 Of mildest merit, modesty and truth!
 Death snatch'd thy sweetness in the genial hour,
 Just when thy stem put forth it's infant flower;
 Still blooms the tender flower; as oft we see,
 Fair branches budding from the lifeless tree.

~~DE DE DE DE DE DE DE DE DE~~

DISTRESS.

1

WHERE shall the persecuted fly?

No succour, no relief is nigh:

Around me low'r the shades of night;

No more shall I behold the light?

2

Unpitied, unsustain'd, oppress'd,

On every side at once distress'd,

All fly from my contagious woes,

And sorrow's waves upon me close.

3

Help, Heav'n! in this my utmost need;

On thee my earnest hope is stay'd;

Let innocence at last succeed,

And be thou present to my aid!

4

On hurtful malice justly flown,

And suffering virtue's cause assert,

By vice, insulting, trampled down;

The threatn'd danger, oh avert!

5

But see! at length reviving joy,

Tho' long protracted makes return!

Thus slowly, in the clouded sky,

And, lingering, breaks the cheerful morn!

My

My fears are o'er : my dark despair,
Which rack'd my over burden'd breast ;
Is fled, with every haunting care,
And left my soul becalm'd in rest.

So stalking ghosts, at dawning light,
Post swiftly to their native night.



On the Love of CHRIST.

'MIDST various mercies that exalted shine,
And loudly speak their origin divine,
Is there one law that animates the whole,
Warms the full heart, and pierces to the soul ?
Which every fear can from the breast remove,
And flash conviction on the doubting ? Love ;
Love, powerful law, can every joy impart,
Pierce to the soul, and warm the raptur'd heart.

O while my song pursues this love of thine,
Make it, my SAVIOUR, like the theme divine !
While thus I bow the heart, and bend the
knee,

And look with ardent love, my God to thee,
Fill my wrapt soul, possess my longing breast,
Be thou my God, my Father, and my guest.

E'er the great Fiat gave the world its birth,
Smooth'd the clear sky, or form'd the rolling
Earth,

Love is, and shall be (wonder and adore !)
When worlds shall fall, and time shall be no
more.

This

This bright perfection of th' eternal mind,
 Strikes thro' all nature; and to none confin'd,
 Bright as the Sun, its generous course it runs,
 And finds the meanest of earth's humble sons.
 Here how redemption strikes the mental sight
 In a full blaze, and Majesty of light !

I See the scene !— th' expiring God I see !
 Behold, he dies !— and oh ! he dies for me !—
 This, this is love ; your songs, ye Angels, join
 Ye Angels, wonder at this love divine ;
 Oh, could my soul each glowing thought im-
 prove,

Like you I'd worship, and like you I'd love.

Why points the Deist to the hero's death,
 Careless of life, and prodigal of breath ?
 What tho' midst warring crouds his life he ends,
 And dies to save his country and his friends ?
 Behold this Lord of life, what love he shews !
 He dies for all, he suffers for his foes.

Here while on Earth what acts of love he
 wrought !

'Twas love he practis'd, as 'twas love he taught.
 Hear the great Lord of all, his orders give,
 And teach admiring legions how to live.

While wond'ring crouds the heavenly word
 admire,

Hang on his lips and catch the sacred fire ;
 This ardent throng, oh ! let me humble join,
 Imbibe each accent, make each precept mine.
 Deep in my heart sow ev'ry heav'n-born thought,
 And strive to practice what my Saviour taught :

“ Shou'd mean disdain, or insolence of pride,
 “ Vex thee with curses, or with scoffs deride ;
 “ Shou'd thy fierce foe with never-ceasing strife,
 “ Fix deep the wound, and persecute thy life,

E

“ Yet

“ Yet then, even then — oh, hear the heavenly
found !—

“ Bless while they curse, forgive them while they
wound ;

“ For them with ardor to thy God repair,

“ For them pour forth the fervent soul in pray-
er.”

Can I at this my eager praise with-hold ?
Hear this, ye deaf, ye blind in heart behold !—
Oh, inexhausted love ! oh, boundless theme !
That flows for ever, one unruffled stream !
Thy wid'ning prospects, endless lengths I see :
I look, adore, and lose myself in thee.

Do thou, my SAVIOUR, LORD of life and love,
Hear my faint voice, oh hear it, and approve.
To thee my lab'ring soul can only raise,
Imperfect thoughts, and more imperfect praise.
At sight of thee her pow'rs dissolve away,
And faint beneath th' intolerable day.

Oh, fill my soul, my God, with love of thee,
Bright, holy, lasting, ardent let it be,
Give me for man a generous love like thine,
Long may it last, and perfect may it shine,
Until that day when thou art pleas'd to call
Me, unto thee, my SAVIOUR and my-all.



A Consolatory Epistle to a Friend in Affliction.

WHEN thus affliction's hand disturbs your
rest,
And with deep sorrow fills your heaving breast ;
Now that grim death hath slain your constant
friend,

Receive the comfort that the muse can send.

He

He fell! the gushing tears his fate bewoan,
 He went to God, yet cost his friend a groan.—
 Ah, but shall envious groans his bliss deplore,
 And mourn him dead who wishes life no more.
 God took him hence his faithful brow to crown,
 Took him to fill some rebel Angel's throne!
 Again his much-lov'd form shall meet your
 eyes,

When all the dead to judgment shall arise;
 Then mourn him not, but patient and resign'd,
 Support your sorrow with a manly mind.
 Perhaps (as the great pow'r e'er means our
 good)
 The stroke hath brought you to yourself and
 God,

Preparing you to tread death's gloomy way,
 And see your SAVIOUR at the judgment day.
 Then moderate your grief, for grief is vain!
 Nor sighs, nor tears, can bring him back again.
 Nor can we boast *Elijahs* in our days,
 To save from death and from corruption raise.
 The pious Job each wordly bliss had known,
 And saw success his each endeavour crown;
 When fickle fortune dealt the final blow,
 And all his well-built prospects levell'd low;
 His hapless offspring met untimely fate;
 His riches fled, his pomp, and all his state;
 His servants fell by the Chaldean swords,
 His captive flocks submitted to new lords.
 One flying messenger escap'd to tell
 How the foes conquer'd, and his children fell;
 Then his submission thus the saint express'd,
 " God gave; God takes away; his name be
 blest."

E 2

Thus

Thus bear the stroke, my friend, and thus resign.
 To the kind chaf't'ning of the hand divine ;
 Remember, CHRIST the path of suff'ring trod,
 Rejoice, and follow pleas'd the bleeding God,



A S A C R E D L Y R I C.

LOCK'D in the arms of balmy sleep,
 From ev'ry care of day ;
 As silent as the folded sheep,
 And as secure I lay.

Sudden, tremendous thunders roll ;
 Quick light'nings round me glare ;
 The solemn scene alarms my soul,
 And wakes my heart to fear.

What e'er O LORD at this still hour,
 These awful sounds portend,
 Whether sole ensigns of thy power,
 Or groans for nature's end :

Grant me to bear with equal mind,
 These terrors of the sky ;
 For ever, as thou wilt resign'd,
 Alike to live or die.

If, wak'd by thy vindictive hand,
 This mighty tempest stirs ;
 That peal, the voice of thy command,
 These flames thy messengers :

Welcome

Welcome the bolt, where e'er it fall,
 Beneath the passing sun ;
 Thy righteous will determines all,
 And let that will be done.

But if, as nature's laws ordain,
 Nor destin'd by thy will,
 Each bolt exerts it's wide domain,
 Self-authoriz'd to kill,

Quick interpose, all gracious Lord,
 In this remorseless night ;
 Arise, and be alike ador'd,
 For mercy, as for might.

Vouchsafe amidst this time of dread,
 Thy suppliant's voice to hear ;
 O Shield from harm each friendly head,
 And all my soul holds dear.

Let it not kill where riot foul,
 Pours forth the drunken jest :
 Nor where the guilt envenom'd soul,
 Starts wild from troubled rest.

A while O spare these sinful breasts,
 Whose deeds the night deform,
 Nor strike where smiling virtue rests,
 Unconscious of the storm.

Succour the couch where beauty lies,
 All pale with tender fear ;
 Where sickness lifts its languid eyes ;
 O pour thy comforts there !

Thus bear the stroke, my friend, and thus resign.
 To the kind chaf't'ning of the hand divine ;
 Remember, CHRIST the path of suff'ring trod,
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 Where sickness lifts its languid eyes ;
 O pour thy comforts there !

Well

Well pleas'd, O LORD, each eye shall see,
Those final thunders hurl'd,
And mark with joy, for love of thee,
That flash which melts the world,



A Midnight Thought. Addressed to a Friend.

HARK! how the lone departing hour,
Sounds it's deep knell and is no more;
'Tis gone—! now awful noon of night,
Has quench'd the rosy beams of light.
Hail! to thy shades thou welcome gloom;
Come meek-ey'd meditation, come!
Wake from thy couch celestial maid,
And all thy brightening splendors spread,
Whilst undisturbed silence reigns,
And reason all its powers regains,
The wandering thoughts in peace return,
No cares perplex, no passions burn,—
Come then etherial guest divine,
Come!—for this silent watch is thine!

Since hastening hours that give us birth,
Lead on to sleep, from sleep to death;
Whilst anxious worldlings hatch their schemes,
Asleep, awake, pursue their dreams;
Let thy still voice, compose the mind,
All cares be hush'd, the will resign'd;
'Till mild content and joy serene,
With peaceful slumbers close the scene.

Shou'd death or morning next appear,
Be thou (O blest companion!) near,
'To calm life's last uncertain date,
And smoothe the rigid brow of fate.

As thus the moments bring us on,
To that eternal state unknown!
So, as this span of life we spend,
Calm rest, or anguish, wait its end.

If thoughtless how the moments fly,
Whilst posting to eternity.
Then as the day laid waste and gone,
When slow and sad the night comes on;
So life's uncertain circuit run,
Thick vapours cloud its setting sun;
Eternal sleep concludes the hour,
A sleep from whence we wake no more,
No more to be what we have been,
No more to see what we have seen.

Happy like you,—my happy friend!
Who these last solemn truths attend,
Whose conscious breast with rapture glows,
Whilst Angels watch his safe repose;
Who consecrates his own abode,
With evening incense to his God;
Has no eternal curse to fear;
The mind at rest, the conscience clear,
In downy slumbers see him lie,
Prepar'd to live, prepar'd to die.—

How blest! the bosom so inspir'd,
How happy when from crowds retir'd,
When day's wide bustling scene is clos'd,
And its wild tumults lie compos'd
How happy when those toils are done,
In peace to meet himself alone;
When grateful silence awes his mind,
And every thought's to Heaven resign'd!

Thought is the embassy of Heaven,
Reason's propitious blessing given;

By

By which we trace the realms above,
 And (like the Angels praise and love;
 What trackless height but thought may soar,
 What region can it not explore;
 Unseen, unknown to mortal eye,
 It dreads no Scout, nor fears a Spy:
 Can brighten life's last closing scene,
 And shine a Paradise within!

Whilst sullen guilt, and wrathful pride,
 From these still moments seek to hide,
 To noise and crowd their votaries run,
 And every due reflection shun,
 Lest they should find themselves undone;
 Lest pensive dread, or thorny care,
 Dire frenzy wild, or black despair,
 Should rush impetuous on the mind
 When conscience will not rest confin'd;
 To such (devoted sons of earth)
 A pause brings pain, to think is death:

Ever regardless and supine,
 To what eternal powers design,
 They yawn out time—then sleep forgot,
 To life a blank, in death a blot.

Such dreadful state, his heart must own,
 Who fears to meet himself alone;
 From guile to guile, he flies for aid,
 For ever by himself betray'd.

In vain the luring wiles decoy,
 Man! from thyself thou canst not fly;
 In vain thy own frail powers oppose,
 The fatal train of human woes:
 Thy pleasures only lull the pain,
 When ceas'd, the fiends appear again.

If Happiness thou roam'st to find,
 'Tis center'd in a will resign'd!

Then

Then all is blest thy wishes crave,
All's peace and comfort to thy grave!

How vainly then thy wishes stray,
What empty shew thy hopes betray;
How fruitless thus to seek it here,
To sport with life, and death so near!
Thus when this lonesome darkning gloom,
Shall warn us to the silent tomb,
The present modes of life will seem,
All— all a Vision! — all a dream!



A SUNDAY THOUGHT.

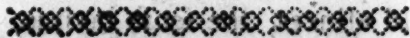
GREAT God! who from my early youth,
Hast form'd me by thy sacred truth,
Still guide me in thy righteous way,
Nor let me from thy precepts stray:
With dangers I'm encompass'd round,
And walk upon deceitful ground.
The world allures, the sense invites,
And promises unknown delights:
How can I pleasure's tide withstand,
Unless supported by thine hand?
Preserve unstain'd my innocence,
Or else in mercy call me hence!
Oh may thy spirit, heav'nly guest,
With love divine inflame my breast;
Oh may he there for ever dwell,
And all tumultuous passions quell.
As when the sun, with cheerful ray,
Pours on the world a flood of day,
The stars no more salute the sight,
But all withdraw their twinkling light;

F

So

So where the *Paraclete* inspires,
His joys, they chase all low desires.

I ask not pleasure, wealth, or pow'r,
Those tinsel pageants of an hour ;
This my sole wish — may I still aim,
While life informs this brittle frame,
Smoothly my stated course to run,
And vice, the source of sorrow, shun :
Let me each day, improve my mind ;
And ever relish joys refin'd :
With fervour serve my God on Earth :
And when, mature for heav'nly birth,
And with thy Saints prepar'd to reign,
Quit this frail body without pain !
At that dread hour, by thy command,
May some kind Angel ready stand,
My new-born spirit to convey,
To the fair realms of endless day,
Where, with thy Saints I may adore ;
Thee mighty LORD for ever more.



A Morning HYMN.

To the DEITY.

WHILST from the east, the radiant Sun,*
His rapid course, begins to run,
And to the earth convey ;
Congenial rays of heat and light,
That dissipate the shades of night,
And form auspicious Day.

Exulting

* This is accommodated to the vulgar mode of speaking,
the not Philosophical.

Exulting from my bed I rise,
 Where balmy slumbers clos'd mine eyes,
 And eas'd my pensive breast;
 Tho' fancy still (capricious maid)
 Thro' scenes of joy, or terror stray'd,
 By reason now suppress'd.

To thee, I lift my grateful heart,
 Whose sov'reign care, and wondrous art,
 (Omniscient God! and King!)
 Extend o'er Nature's vast domain,
 And shew thy just, benignant reign,
 From whom all blessings spring.

Whilst o'er the rural scene I range,
 And mark the seasons as they change,
 From spring to winter dear;
 When Summer's fruit, or Autumn's grain,
 Adorn the beauteous, fertile plain,
 And variegate the Year.

View flocks and herds, in every vale,
 Select their food, their sense regale,
 With verdant herbs and flowers,
 Which deck the surface of the land,
 And to the Solar beams expand,
 Their vegetative powers.

From whence the Lark with fleeting wings
 Ascending thro' the Ether, sings
 Her modulating lays:
 Symphonious with the woodland choir
 Performing—early, due devoir,
 In vocal songs of praise.

To which compar'd how vain th' essay,
 Of mimic art, that charms the gay,
 Their province to invade;
 When at the Opera, or the Ball,
 Their strains in consort, rise and fall,
 Or swell the serenade.

By instinct taught, these far ex c e,
 And in melodious accents tell,
 Thy goodness to mine ear;
 Skill'd ev'ry passion to controul,
 To sooth and harmonize the Soul,
 Or elevate, and cheer.

Whilst round dispers'd the grazing herd,
 Their voices raise, as if prefer'd,
 In homage to the skies!
 In due return for all thy care,
 Which thus provides their daily share,
 Of blessings and supplies.

Upbraiding all the human race,
 Who their superior pow'rs debase,
 By sloth or luxury:
 And ne'er the sacred transports know,
 Which in the soul redundant flow,
 From grateful piety,

That zest of bliss! — enjoy'd by few,
 But those who wisdom's paths pursue,
 With philosophic aim;
 Which no delusive hope inspires,
 Restrains the passions, and desires,
 And fans devotion's flame.

Long

Long as I tread the mortal stage,
I'll studious search it's hallow'd page ;

The knowledge to obtain,
Of those primordial, happy laws,
Ordain'd by thee, the lov'reign cause,
Connection to maintain.

Content whilst thus by thee indu'd,
With prudence, health, and fortitude ;
And reason to restrain,
Those sanguine passions, which produce,
Of all thy blessings the abuse,
And consequential pain.

Still as it's lore, my mind directs,
From error shields, from vice protects ;
Existence I'll improve,
By acts of moral excellence,
Deduc'd from thy benevolence,
And universal love.

Inform'd each day with notions just,
Thy guardian providence I'll trust ;
Since its indulgent plan,
Has made each part with skill divine,
Subservient to thy main design,
The happiness of man.

With joy and rapture contemplate,
The ties and duties of each state,
Whence justice, truth, and right ;
Support the social intercourse,
And raise the soul, to thee, the source
Of pleasure and delight.

An HYMN for CHRISTMAS DAY.

SING JEHOVAH! man become
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb!
 Ev'ry age and sex adore,
 Love supreme and boundless pow'r.

In triumphant shouts of praise,
 All at once your voices raise;
 All in harmony conspire,
 Full and perfect be the choir.

Sons of LEVI, lead the band,
 Quickly rouse each slumb'ring land;
 On the silver trumpets swell,
 Tidings of salvation tell.

Tender youths, and virgins fair,
 Hallelujahs all prepare;
 With the softly warbling flute,
 Join the sweetly sounding lute.

Happy souls advanc'd in grace,
 Louder chant JEHOVAH's praise,
 Wake the harp thro' ev'ry string,
 To the high tun'd cymbal sing.

Hark, the pealing organ's voice!
 All with one accord rejoice;
 All, in cheerful, happy union cry,
 Glory be to God on high!

AUGUR's

A U G U R ' s W I S H.

INDULgent heav'n has plac'd my lot,
 In the most happy human state,
 Above the poor neglected wretch,
 Below the ever-anxious great.

Despising those mistaken joys,
 The high, the mighty seem to have,
 I pity him, who's doom'd to be
 The slave of every fawning slave.

O Bounteous fate ! — I nothing want,
 Which craving nature can require :
 JEHOVAH praise for what he gives,
 And check the rage of wild desire.

When factious broils divide the realm,
 And party force or fraud prevails,
 O'er me the rushing ruin flies,
 While it the low'ring Great assails !

Contented with my lowly lot,
 At no one's titles I repine ;
 Nor think myself less blest than he
 Whose hoarded wealth is more than mine.



*The third Chapter of Habbakuk, paraphrased,
 By JOHN OGILVIE, A. M.*

WRAPT in the blaze of bright surrounding
 flame,
 From *Paran's* lofty brow th' Almighty came :
 All Heav'n with terror view'd his rising frown,
 His dazzling eyes with living splendor shone,
 Blaz'd

Blaz'd the blue arch, th' eternal portals glow !
 Each rocking mountain bow'd and groan'd be-
 low !

A Troop of ghastly phantoms strode before,
 Blue-blasting plague, and war that floats in
 gore,

Loud fury roaring with tumultuous cries,
 And frantic pain that tears her burning eyes :
 Revenge, that boils like some tormenting flood ;
 Grief that consumes, and rage that weeps in
 blood.

On *Judab's* broad domain he cast his view ;
 His eyes, all radiant piercing as he flew !
 Then mark'd its bound, and with one stern
 command,

Th' affrighted nations shook, and swept them
 from the land.

Then Heav'n-bred terror seiz'd on ev'ry soul,
 And rock'd the lab'ring earth from pole to pole,
 Creation totter'd at the dreadful sound :
 Groan'd all the hills ! and burst the solid
 ground !

The sweeping winds each tow'ring mountain
 bear,

Full on their wings, and whirl them in the air,
 On *Cushan's* tents he aim'd a fatal blow,
 And *Midian* trembled at th' Almighty foe.

He call'd the deep : — its tumbling waves
 obey ;

Th' astonish'd flood rolls back to make him
 way !

Whence rose his ire ? did ere the flood displease
 I'ts God ? or rag'd his fury on the seas ?

When *Israel's* wond'ring hosts *Jehovah* led,
 Why shrunk the backward rivers to their head ?

Why

Why roar'd the ocean from its inmost caves?
 What arm repress'd, and froze the boiling
 waves?

O'er its broad bosom heav'n's Eternal rode,
 The waves divide before th' advancing God!
 In heaps the cleaving billows lay o'erthrown.
 He stopp'd their course, and touch'd them into
 stone!

Lo! where he comes! — descending from afar,
 In all the pomp of desolating war!
 His cloudy brow with frowning vengeance
 low'rs,

And bursting round the forky thunder roars.
 See his red arm unsheaths the shining spear,
 The glitt'ring blade hangs naked in the air!
 It rends the rock: — from all its gushing veins,
 A swelling deluge burst, and pours along the
 plains.

Hark he commands: — obedient to his will,
 The pale moon quakes; th' arrested sun stands
 still:

Earth hears and shakes, devouring tempests rise,
 Thick clouds and whirlwinds blacken all the
 skies;

Tremble the poles! — in wild confusion thrown,
 Sink the steep hills! — th' Eternal mountains
 groan.

What dire portents my wond'ring soul af-
 fright;
 What scenes of terror swim before my sight:

G

See

§ The Author is sensible that there may appear some im-
 proprieties in this sentiment, as it is seemingly repugnant of
 the System of Copernicus.

See mighty *Babylon* (so Heav'n ordains,)
 The scourge of God, stalks wildly o'er the
 plains !
 Sweeps like some swelling flood our hosts away,
 Or, swift as light'ning, springs, and grasps the
 prey.

Yet fear not, *Israel*, at his dreadful ire,
 Thou fav'rite child of Heav'n's exalted fire !
 What tho' pale rage in her triumphant car,
 Drives o'er thy fields, and sounds the blast of
 war !

What tho' thy warriors load the purple plain !
 Tho' bellowing slaughter strides o'er heaps of
 slain,
 Tho' horror numbs thy sense, and freezes
 ev'ry vein !

'Tis thus thy God makes boasted might subside,
 Thus spurns his foes, and bends the brow of
 pride ;

Yet know these wounds avenging justice gave,
 Stern ire impell'd, but mercy meant to save ;
 Triumphant mercy ! that exalts the low,
 Sighs o'er the oppress'd, and melts at human
 woe !

Wipes ev'ry tear, bids pining anguish cease,
 And pours o'er all the healing balm of peace.

But see once more th' intrepid victor near !
 The shouts of battle thunder on my ear ;
 Mark, mark yon yielding throng ! — 'tis *Israel*
 flies,

Groans, noise, despair, and tumults rend the
 skies.

I faint, o'erpow'r'd beneath the whelming flood,
 Wild numbing grief congeals my creeping blood :
 I see,

I see, I shudder at th' approaching train;
 My lips too quiver with convulsive pain:
 Fix'd dumb with horror at this dreadful blow,
 I stand,—a speechless monument of woe!

Yet Mighty God! be all my powers resign'd!
 And thine each nobler hope that warms the
 mind.

Then tho' no more to crown the peasants toil,
 The bleeding olive stream with sacred oil;
 Tho' figs no more their leafy tendrils join,
 Tho' scorching lightning blast the budding vine:
 Tho' the rough steed lie panting on the plain,
 Nor weave th' autumnal fields with golden
 grain:

Yet shall my soul thy wond'rous grace pro-
 claim,

Yet this fond heart shall triumph in thy name,
 When o'er the earth thou wav'st th' avenging
 rod,

When nature trembles at an angry God:
 When the bold breast with terror not its own,
 Shakes at thy voice, and withers at thy frown;
 Then by no storms dismay'd, nor fears deprest,
 In thee my soul shall find perpetual rest;
 O'er me secure thy hov'ring wings shall spread,
 And sleep's mild opiate bless my peaceful head.

AN EVENING PIECE.

By Mr. Worry.

WHILE yet the radiant LORD of light,
 Streaks o'er the western sky,
 While yet beside the rushy stream,
 He casts his parting eye :
 Shall we, CLEORA, tread the vale,
 And listen to the dying gale,
 Or walk the forest lawn ?
 Where side by side in many a row,
 With transport bounds the nibble doe,
 And trips the dapper fawn ?

Or shall we stand by yonder mill,
 And view the minnows play ?
 Mark how the little finny fry,
 Pursue their liquid way.
 Play on, ye harmless race, play on,
 Soon shall your thread of life be spun,
 And all your pastime o'er ;
 To morrow brings your certain fate,
 The school-boy holds the fatal bait,
 And then ye sport no more.

Look upwards, love, and see the lark,
 On Ether's bosom float ;
 What transport to the ear conveys,
 The music of his note !
 Alott he soars his airy way,
 And to the ebbing tide of day,

Expands

Expands his speckled breast :
 His farewell strain a while he sings,
 Then flutters his resplendent wings,
 And drops into his nest.

Sunk is the sun, and glows the sky,
 With his refracted rays,
 The beautiful horizon round,
 Looks one continued blaze ;
 Till the rich colouring fades away,
 Nor leaves one remnant of the day,
 Still less'ning by degrees.
 Then night puts on her sable frown,
 Advances with her visage brown,
 And rules o'er earth and seas.

So like the evening of the day,
 Our transient lives decline :
 When pale-ey'd death displays his flag
 Frail nature must resign !
 This tax of life we all must pay,
 'Tis folly then and weak dismay,
 To murmur or complain :
 For like the setting of the sun,
 When all the sand of life is run,
 We sink to rise again.

The

The Prayer of CLEANTHES, A Stoic Philosopher, to the Supreme GOD. Translated by Dr. BOWDEN.

GREAT Father of the Skies, whose boundless sway,
 Both Gods above, and worlds below obey,
 Thy laws sustain the universal frame,
 Various thy titles, but thy pow'r the same.
 Hail, Sovereign *Jove* ! all nations shall address,
 Their songs to thee; who gave them tongues to
 bless.
 Behold thy Image grov'ling on the earth,
 Faint echoes of thy voice, which gave us birth :
 Then will I reflect thy praises still,
 And sing the wonders of Almighty skill.
 The wide expanse of yon ethereal plain,
 And all below, is subject to thy reign.
 The forked light'nings, which, with double
 glare,
 Sublimely wave, and linger in the air,
 From thy dread arm with pointed fury fly,
 And, ting'd, with ruddy vengeance, sweep the
 sky.
 The ray divine o'er all the frame presides,
 Glows in the sun, and in the ocean glides.
 From thee each atom of creation springs;
 Hail ! great support of all inferior things !
 The orbs above, and floating seas below ;
 Move by thy laws, and by thy influence flow ;
 All, rang'd in order, know their destin'd place,
 All but the mad degen'rate human race :
 But thou can'st order from confusion bring,
 Bid peace from discord, good from evil spring
 And

And when all nature frowns, and nations jar,
 Set calms in storms, and harmony in war.
 Great *Jove* so justly fram'd the earthly ball,
 That universal good results from all ;
 While common sense still shines with certain
 ray,

And thro' the seeming maze points out the way,
 Yet thoughtless men, to this blest convoy
 blind,

Court the blind dictates of a restless mind ;
 Perversely fly the universal light,
 And the sweet voice of heav'nly reason slight.
 Unhappy men ! who toil and hunt for bliss,
 But the plain road of sacred wisdom miss :
 Led by this constant, this unerring guide,
 Thro' flow'ry paths, man's life would smoothly
 glide :

But urg'd by passion, heedless we pursue,
 The first mad pleasures that invite the view.
 Some avarice and sordid taste inspire,
 Ambition some, and fame's ungovern'd fire ;
 Soft lux'ry some, and *Cyprian* charms delight,
 While all rush forward to the heav'n in sight.

But thou, who thund'rest in the vault above,
 Correct these vain desires, O bounteous *Jove* !
 Let God-like reason in our bosoms dwell,
 And from weak minds this lunacy expell ;
 A Ray of wisdom on our souls bestow,
 By which thou rul'st all nature's scenes below :
 Then with devotion fir'd, we'll hail thee King,
 And in eternal songs, thy wonders sing.
 No greater good can men or gods attend,
 Than at thy throne with prostrate hearts to
 bend.

A Hymn

A Hymn to REPENTANCE.

Come, Goddess of the tearful eye,
 With solemn step, demure, and slow,
 Thy full heart-heaving many a sigh,
 And clouds of sadness on thy brow;
 O come, with ashes sprent, in sackcloth dress,
 And wing thy piteous hands, and beat thy
 plaintive breast.

Such was thy form, O heaven descended maid,
 When at her dearest SAVIOUR'S feet,
 Bedew'd with tears, and odours sweet,
 Poor *Magdalen*, repentant, wept, and pray'd:
 She wept, and swiftly to the sky
 The steam, like hallow'd incense rose;
 When lo her sins of scarlet dye
 Grew white as wool, or mountain-snows:
 The morning stars with joy triumphant rang!
 And all the sons of God their loud Hosannas
 sang!

Come, then, my *Magdalen*, thy aid impart,
 O'er all my soul thy balm diffuse,
 And soften with thy fleecy dews
 Of penitential tears, my stubborn heart:
 Teach me to search with honest skill
 The wounds that wrangle in my breast,
 To curb my lusts, correct my will,
 And chuse, and cleave to what is best;
 Teach me to urge, with never-ceasing care,
 The force of holy vows, and never ceasing
 pray'r.

O come

Oh come, my *Magdalen*, but leave behind,
 Leave far behind, thy frightful train,
 Grim penance, with an iron chain,
 Wont his gall'd legs at stated hours to bind :
 A barefoot Monk the fiend appears,
 With scourge in hand, and beads, and book,
 His cheeks are furrow-worn with tears,
 Sunk are his eyes, and lean his look :
 O wretched fools, beguiling and beguil'd,
 Can God be pleas'd to see his image thus de-
 fil'd?

Drive too away that wild distracted sprite,
 Enthusiasm, and that foul fiend,
 Remorse, that loves his heart to rend,
 And sting himself to death with scorpion spite :
 But chief that tyrant of the soul,
 That cursed man of hell, despair ;
 See, see his livid eye-balls roll,
 What cankred teeth, what grisly hair !
 Anguish, and trembling fear his conscience
 quail,
 And all hell's damned ghosts the shrieking
 wretch assail !

O Fly with such terrific forms as these,
 And seek the weary wakeful bed,
 Where the pale murderer is laid,
 A Ghastly prey to horror and disease :
 Or where th' oppressor voids his breath,
 Deaf to the widow's bleeding cries ;
 Or from a bosom black as death,
 The plunderer of his country sighs ;

H

Where

Where libertines expire, and athiests lie,
 Harrow'd with doubts and fears, and curse their
 God, and die !

See, worn with pain *Lorenzo*, once so gay!—

The pow'rs of nature are at strife,
 And the dim wasted lamp of life,
 Just feebly lifts an intermittent ray.
 Oh mad, oh worse than mad to leave,
 To the short mercies of an hour,
 Eternal joys! — what would he give,
 What thousand worlds, if in his pow'r,
 For time mispent, to watch, to fast, to pray,
 And wash with contrite tears his shameful sins
 away ?

Poor wretch, in vain! — before his frantic eyes,

Th' inexorable tyrant stands,
 And arm'd with scorpions in their hands,
 The fury-terrors of his conscience rise!
 What agonizing pangs he feels!
 What tortures! — what convulsive throes !
 O Fall, ye mountains, fall, ye hills,
 Preserve and hide him from his woes !
 Have mercy heav'n! — thy succours Jesu,
 bring,
 Re-triumph o'er the grave, and draw death's
 poignant sting!

Save me, what shrieks! — and is there no faint
 ray,

No glimm'ring from that light serene,
 That gilds death's melancholy scene,
 And guides the soul on her eternal way ?

Hark,

Hark, the last pang ! he faints ! he dies !
 His spirit bursteth forth, and shiv'ring pale,
 To some black horrible mansion flies,
 'Till nature's wreck, 'till from the shrivel'd
 skies,
 The last dread trump shall call, " ye dead ! a-
 wake, arise ! "

○ Come betimes, sweet penitential pow'r,
 And from such soul-distracting care,
 Such chilling horrors of despair,
 Preserve me ; shield me, at death's trying
 hour !

From guilt of black enormous dye,
 My breast is free ; I ne'er betray'd,
 A Virgin's easy faith ; no murd'rous lie,
 In secret whispers have convey'd,
 Nor with the muse's ever-living store,
 Embalm'd the carrion corpse of wealth, or pride,
 or pow'r.

From truth's strait path, and virtue's thorny
 way,

Have wand'ring meteor's false, and vain,
 The glare of honour or of gain,
 Thro' dirt, and danger drawn my steps a-
 stray ?

Have I rejected reason's aid,
 And giv'n to headlong lusts the rein ?
 Or prone beneath the myrtle shade,
 Of indolence and pleasure lain ?
 Have I the tribute of a tear deny'd,
 When want unheard had wept, and injur'd or-
 phans cry'd ?

Good Heav'n forbid ! — yet still within my
soul,

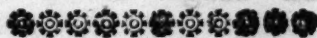
Some leprous spots of guilt remain :
Oh could I cleanse each grosser stain,
In *Jordan's* tide, or *Siloa's* healing pool !
Fond thought ! — more salutary pow'rs,
In sorrow's swelling stream reside,
Than *Siloa's* pool, at stated hours,
Could boast, or *Jordan's* cleansing tide :
This from the soul sharp humours can repel,
Cure ev'ry fest'ring wound, and death's dread
torments quell.



A G O O D A D V I C E.

TRUST God, distrust thy self, do good,
and pray,

Indulge not, nor ambitious thoughts obey ;
Hear much, speak little, secrets ne'er repeat,
Be gentle, courteous, and revere the great.
So when grim death, shall call you hence,
Your soul shall feast on joys immense.



The P I C T U R E,

HOW rare the piece, where heaven and na-
ture join,

To frame a creature more than half divine.
Tho' wit and beauty's mingled graces meet,
Virtue and breeding must the work compleat :
Mild

Mild unaffected softness let her wear,
Gay, without noise, nor stray beyond her sphere.
Tho' rich in science ; and in arts refin'd.
Yet truly feminine in form and mind :
But since for safety and defence, we own,
Some male endowments should her virtues
crown,
Let dauntless fortitude, and strength of soul,
Preserve, enoble, and adorn, the whole.



The Power of INNOCENCE.

A True Story.

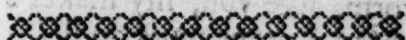
WHEN first the nuptials state we prove,
We live the happy life of love ;
But when familiar charms, no more,
Inspire the bliss they gave before,
Each less delighting, less is lov'd,
First this, then that, is disapprov'd ;
Complacence flies, neglect succeeds,
Neglect disdain and hatred breeds.
'Twas thus a pair, who long time prov'd,
The joys to love and be belov'd ;
At length fell out for trifling things,
From trifling, anger mostly springs.
The wish to please forsook each breast,
Love's throne by baseless rage possess'd ,
Resolv'd to part, they'd meet no more ;
Enough — the chariot's at the door.
The mansion was my Lady's own ;
Sir *John* resolv'd to live in town ;

Writings

Writings were drawn, each cause agreed ;
 Both vow'd they'd ne'er recall the deed.
 The Chariot waits, why this delay ?
 The sequel shall the cause display.
 One lovely Girl the Lady bore,
 Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more :
 The Father's, Mother's, darling, she
 Now lisp'd and prattled on each knee.
 Sir *John*, when rising to depart,
 Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
 And cry'd, with ardour in his eye,
 " Come, *Betsy*, bid Mama good-by."
 The Lady, trembling, answer'd, " No,—
 " Go kiss Papa, my *Betsy*, go;
 " The Child shall live with me," she cry'd,
 " The child shall chuse," Sir *John* reply'd :
 Poor *Betsy* look'd at each by turns,
 And each the starting tear discerns.
 My Lady asks, with doubt and fear,
 " Will you not live with me, my dear ?
 " Yes, " half resolv'd, reply'd the child,
 And, half suppress'd her tears, she smil'd.
 " Come *Betsy*, (cry'd Sir *John*) you'll go,
 " And live with dear Papa, I know."
 Yes, *Betsy* cry'd. — the Lady then,
 Address'd the wond'ring child again.
 " The time to live with both is o'er,
 " This day we part to meet no more :
 " Chuse then" — here grief o'erflow'd her
 breast,
 And tears burst out, too long suppress'd :
 The child, who tears and chiding join'd,
 Suppos'd Papa displeas'd, unkind,
 And try'd with all her little skill,
 To sooth his oft relenting will.

" Do

" Do (cry'd the lisper,) Papy! do
 " Love dear Mama! — Mama loves you!"
 Subdu'd, the source of manly pride,
 No more his looks his heart bely'd;
 The tender transport forc'd it's way;
 They both confess'd each other's sway,
 And prompted by the social smart,
 Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart:
 Each clasp'd their *Betsy* o'er and o'er,
 And *Tom* drove empty from the door.
 Ye that have passions for a tear,
 Give nature vent, and drop it hear.



A M O R N I N G H Y M N.

A W A K E my soul, and with the sun,
 Thy daily stage of duty run:
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2
 Redeem thy mispent moments past,
 Live this day, as if 'twere thy last:
 Thy talents to improve take care;
 'Gainst the great day, thyself prepare.

3
 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience, as the noon-day, clear;
 For God's all-seeing eye surveys
 Thy secret thoughts, thy works, and ways
 Wak_e

4
Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart;
And with the Angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
High glory to th' eternal King.

5
I Wake, I wake, ye heav'nly choir;
May your devotion me inspire:
That I like you, my age may spend;
Like you, may on my God attend.

6
May I like you, in God delight;
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my maker's will;
O! May I never more do ill.

7
Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept;
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall
wake,
I May of endless life partake.

8
LORD, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

9
Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Come

Come unto me, all ye that labour, &c. Mat. II. 28.

By the Rev. Mr. MERRICK.

- “ **T**O me, ye sons of sorrow come,
“ That o’er life’s rugged road,
“ With weary step uncertain roam,
“ And bend beneath your load.

“ Come, take my yoke, and learn of me;
“ For I am meek of mind :
“ Come, and your soul, from error free,
“ The rest it seeks shall find.”

Such was the voice of him who spoke,
As never man before :
His burden light, and easy yoke,
My soul shall shun no more.

I Come : my pray’r to thee address’d,
Whose lips the precept gave :
Do thou, within my inmost breast,
The heav’nly lesson grave.

So shall I learn, my destin’d race
To run, with willing feet ;
Unmov’d, as honour or disgrace,
In truth’s defence, I meet.

Humility, with meekness join’d,
My exaltation see,
And freedom’s fullest measure find,
Bless’d LORD ! in serving thee.

ODE

ODE to RELIGION. By J. NICHOLAS.

WHAT boots the glitt'ring turret's lofty
 top,
 The splendid mansion's wide extended wall,
 Luxuriant banquets, or the downy bed ?
 The time must come when these must perish
 all.

What tho' to sate the vanity of man,
 A countless croud of menial slaves attend ;
 A Moment's recollection must declare,
 These transient joys will shortly have an end !

Are these then worthy of a christian's thought ?
 No : to His view immortal joys expand ;
 RELIGION opens to his wond'ring eyes,
 Those realms where health-clad pleasures ever
 stand.

Celestial guide ! through thee, in humble pray'r,
 We " lowly bend the supplicating knee :"
 Thro' thy instructions, soar, in ardent praise,
 To Him, who reigns thro' all eternity.

View'd by thy gen'rous zeal creation yields,
 A Tenfold comfort to the mortal race.
 Th' enamel'd meads with purer lustre shine,
 The green fields bloom with variegated grace.

With thee e'en clay-built cottages can charm,
 Thee, and thy bless'd companion fair content ;
 Without thee stands the stately dome in vain,
 In vain her costliest gifts hath nature sent.

O Deign

O Deign to warn thy youthful vot'ry's breast,
 With earnest fervour and with Faith divine :
 Teach me in hymns of gratitude and love,
 The glorious train of heav'n-crown'd saints to
 join.



On M O D E S T Y.

S E E where she comes ! transcending human
 praise ;
 With downcast eyes, that ever love the ground.
 Not with more crimson hue,
 Looks the pure virgin rose,
 Than does the blush that vivifies her cheek ;
 (The glowing emblem of her spotless mind :)
 The tint, that nature gives,
 To innocence alone.

Far other colour stains the face of guilt :
 Far other flushes her confusion mark,
 Than modesty receives,
 From truth's immortal touch.
 The zone of chastity entwines her waist,
 And virtue's shade sits close around her neck,
 As loving to be near,
 Perfections so divine.

Look up, sweet maid ! and with one awful
 glance,
 Yon' public harlot, impudence confound,
 That would confront thy step,
 And blast the charms she wants.

Look up ! — and thou shalt see the convert
 bend,
 Beneath the sun-beam of thy sacred eye,
 And weep to touch the hem,
 Of thy Celestial stole.



Epitaph on an INFANT. By a LADY.

TH O' infant years no pompous honours
 claim,
 The vain parade of monumental fame,
 To better praise the last great day shall rear,
 The spotless innocence that slumbers here.



An Epitaph on the Great LUTHER.

ROME once subdued the world by war,
 By art the Pope crush'd her again :
 One Monk excells them both by far,
 For both were vanquish'd by his pen,
 Go now thou fabling Greece, and boast no
 longer,
Alcides' club. — For *Luther's* quill is stronger.

ADVICE

ADVICE to a SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD, seek not wealth or pow'r;
 Let the fragrant woodbine bower,
 Let the hills, and vales, and trees,
 And the lonely cottage please:
 Can the gaudy, gilded room,
 Vie with fields in vernal bloom?
 Can Italian airs excell,
 Sweet melodious *Philomel*?
 Can the idle arts of dress,
 Grace the lovely Shepherdess?
 Happier she in mean attire,
 Than the daughter of the squire!
 'Midst the City's tempting glare,
 Dwells disease and strife, and care:
 Quit not then the rural fold,
 Nor exchange thy *Peace* for *Gold*.



A PIOUS REFLECTION.

NOW O my God! I trembling view,
 The sinful paths, I did pursue.
 In which so hastily I ran,
 Not thinking life is but a span.
 That everlasting bliss or woe,
 Depends, on what we do below.

Oh! could I but once more begin
 My life.— No darling bosom sin,
 Shou'd in my breast admittance find:
 Nor enter once my thoughtful mind.

Dead

Dead to all worldly pleasures I
Wou'd live : and hope in thee to die.

Let all my sins be, LORD forgiv'n!
My name enroll'd with Saints in heav'n!
O May my SAVIOUR's blood atone,
For all the crimes which I have done!
No works I boast, no merit claim,
But sue for mercy thro' his name.



The JOURNAL of LIFE.

W H I L E thro' life's thorny road I go,
I Will not want companions too ;
A Dreary Journey, and alone,
Would be alas ! too troublesome ;
But company that's choice and good,
Makes trouble hardly understood,
For toil divided seems to be,
No toil but a Felicity.

Therefore will I companions take,
As well for care as safety's sake :
Fair truth shall serve me as a guide ;
Justice shall never leave my side ;
Integrity my trusty guard !
Nor will I caution quite discard :
Experience shall my tutor be,
Nor will I wiser seem than he :

Discretion all my thoughts shal weigh,
And modesty my words convey :

Soft

Soft innocence protect my sleep,
 And charity my purse shall keep,
 Thus thro' this wilderness I'll stray,
 Nor ever fear to lose my way.

The Sages I some times will see,
 Be sometimes with the Muses free ;
 With meditation often walk,
 Or with sweet melancholy talk.
 With these companions dear I'll sport
 Nor heed the Journey, long or short,
 So Health supply the Doctor's place,
 And for a Chaplain, I've God's grace.



*The fourteenth Ode of the second Book of the Odes
 of Horace. Imitated by BISHOP KENN.*

SWIFT flies, dear friend, times transient wave,
 To disembody us in the grave;
 Fate bears an universal sway,
 We moulder by degrees away ;
 Even Saints, who most death's sting defy,
 Yet, at their call to bliss, must die.

Sould we, to fullen fate each day
 A hecatomb for off'ring pay ;
 We yet no pity should excite,
 Even Og and Ishbebenob's might,
 Whose looks made armies quit the field
 Must to the King of terrors yield.

Poor slaves, with those who scepters bore,
 Sink huddled into native ore ;

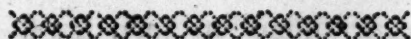
They

They, who war, shipwreck, plague, survive;
 In vain with death for mastery strive:
 All pass the gulf, and all must meet
 The beggar's, or the rich man's fate.

This Paradise, my joy of life,
 These pretty babes, this pleasing wife,
 These plants, flow'rs, groves, which charm my
 eyes,
 I must forsake at death's surprize:
 Cypress, alone, will with me stay
 To shrowd its short-liv'd master's clay.

Yet death in vain exerts its might,
 To rob me of one dear delight;
 Sweet music and devoted song
 I hope to perfect and prolong;
 While I with heavenly minstrelsy,
 Shall hymn the Co-harmonious Three!

O! while we breathe this fleeting air,
 May we for endless life prepare;
 To love divine continue chaste,
 All its sweet effluences taste;
 Till at the source, when going hence,
 We drink our fill of joy immense!



A Pastoral Hymn by JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a Shepherd's care:
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye:

My

My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2

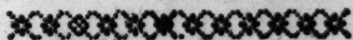
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O LORD, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray.
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.



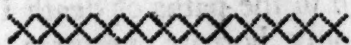
T O H A P P I N E S S .

T H E E Goddess fair, by Monarchs sought,
Yet not beyond the peasant's thought,
To thee I sue : O tell me where,
Thou dwell'st, in this our lower sphere !
Whether amidst Norwegian snows,
Where raging *Boreas* fiercely blows ;

K

Or

Or fair *Bermuda's* Summer isles,
 Where nature puts on constant smiles :
 The lowly cot or cavern hour,
 Or Hermit's secret moss-grown floor :
 Where'er thou art, I'd fix my cot,
 Heedless if by the world forgot :
 Or whate'er place, whatever food,
Arabia's dreary solitude,
 Will blossom as a garden fair,
 And peace be mine if thou art there.



On SICKNESS and DEATH.

W H E N sickness shakes the languid corse,
 Each darling pleasure flies ;
 Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
 Our fascinated eyes.

Then the tremendous arm of death,
 It's fatal scepter shews ,
 And nature faints beneath the weight,
 Of complicated woes !

The tott'ring frame of mortal life,
 Shall crumble into dust :
 Nature shall faint — but learn my soul,
 On nature's God to trust.

The man, whose pious heart is fix'd,
 On that all-gracious God,
 From every frown may draw a joy,
 And kiss the chast'ning rod,

Nor

Nor him shall death itself alarm ;
On JESUS he relies ;
With pleasure views a SAVIOUR'S love,
And with composure dies.



To W I N T E R

By Mr. WOTTY.

W H A T! tho' thou com'st in sable man-
tle clad,
Yet Winter! art thou welcome to my eye.
Thee here I hail, tho' terrors round thee wait,
And winds tempestuous howl along the sky.

But shall I then so soon forget the days,
When *Ceres* led me thro' her wheaten
mines ;
When *Autumn* pluck'd me with his tawny
hand,
Empurpled clusters from ambrosial vines !

So soon forget, when up the yielding pole,
I Saw ascend the silver-bearded hop :
When Summer waving high her crown of hay,
Pour'd o'er the mead her odoriferous crop !

I Must forget them — and thee too O Spring!
 Tho' many a chaplet thou hast wav'd for me.
 For now prepar'd to quit th' enchanting scenes,
 Cold, weeping Winter! I come all to thee.

5

Hail to thy rolling clouds, and rapid storms!
 Tho' they deform fair nature's lovely face,
 Hail to thy winds, that sweep along the earth!
 Tho' trees they root up from their solid base.

6

How sicklied over is the face of things!
 Where is the spice-kiss of the southern gale!
 Where the wild rose, that smil'd upon the thorn,
 The mountain flow'r, and lily of the vale!

7

How gloomy 'tis to cast the eye around!
 And view the Trees disrob'd of ev'ry leaf,
 The velvet path grown rough with clotting
 show'rs
 And ev'ry field deprived of ev'ry sheaf!

8

How far more gloomy o'er the rain-beat heath,
 Alone to travel in the dead of night!
 No twinkling star to gild the floor of Heaven
 No Moon to lend her temporary light:

9

To see the lightning spread its ample sheet,
 Discern the wild waste thro' its liquid fire,
 To hear the Thunder rend the troubl'd Air,
 As time itself and nature wou'd expire.

10

And yet O Winter! has thy poet seen,
 Thy face as smooth, and placid as the Spring,
 Has felt, with comfort felt the beam of Heav'n,
 And heard thy vallies and thy woodlands
 ring.

What

11
 What time the sun with burnish'd locks arose,
 The long lost charms of nature to renew,
 When pearls of ice bedeck'd the grassy turf,
 And tree-tops floated in the silver dew.

12
 Father of Heaven and Earth! this change is
 thine.

By thee the Seasons in gradation roll;
 Thou great Omniscient ruler of the World!
 Thou *Alpha* and *Omega* of the whole!

13
 Here humbly bow we down our heads to thee!
 'Tis our's the voice of gratitude to raise,
 Thine to diffuse thy blessings o'er the land,
 Thine to receive the incense of our praise.

14
 Pure if it rises from the conscious heart,
 With thee for ever does the symbol live.
 Tho' small for all thy love is man's return,
 Thou ask'st no more, than he has pow'r to
 give.



O D E 10 H E A L T H.

O WHETHER with laborious clowns,
 In meads and woods thou lov'st to dwell,
 In noisy, Merchant crouded towns,
 Or in the temp'rate *Brachman's* cell;
 Who, from the sides of Ganges' fruitful flood!
 Wet with sweet dews collects his flowery food!

In

In *Bath*, or in *Montpellier's* plains,
 Or rich *Bermuda's* balmy isle,
 Or the cold north, whose fur-clad swains,
 Ne'er saw the purple Autumn smile.
 Who, over Alps of snow, and deserts drear,
 By twinkling star-light drive the flying deer !

O Lovely queen of mirth and ease,
 Whom absent, beauty, banquet, wine,
 Wit, music, pomp, nor science please,
 And Kings, on ivory couches pine !
 Nature's kind nurse, to whom, by gracious
 Heav'n,
 To sooth the pangs of toilsome life 'tis giv'n !

To aid a languid wretch repair,
 Let pale-ey'd grief thy presence fly,
 The restless dæmon gloomy care,
 And meagre melancholy die ;
 Drive to some lonely rock the giant pain,
 And bind him howling with a triple chain ;

O Come, restore my aching sight,
 Yet let me not on *Laura* gaze,
 Soon must I quit that dear delight,
 O'erpower'd with beauty's piercing rays :
 Support my feeble feet, and largely shed
 The oil of gladness on my fainting head !

How nearly had my spirit past,
 Till stopt by *Metcalf's* skilful hand,
 To death's dark regions wide and waste,
 And the dark river's mournful sand,
 Or to those vales of joy, and meadows blest,
 Where Sages, Heroes, Patriots, Poets, rest !

Where

Where *Maro* and *Musæus* sit,
 List'ning to *Milton's* loftier song,
 With sacred, silent wonder smit;
 While Monarch of the tuneful throng,
Homer in rapture, throws his trumpet down,
 And to the *Briton* gives his amaranthine crown.



O D E.

SEE, *Chloe*, yonder glowing bed,
 Where that fair rose erects her head:
 Behold her now, how gay she blooms!
 But Time the sweetest things consumes.

2

That rose will quickly fade away,
 And all her brightest charms decay:
 Her honours soon in dust must lie,
 With all yon flow'ry family.

3

So, *Chloe*, must the fairest face,
 Soon lose each bright attractive grace:
 Be virtue then thy aim below,
 She will superior charms bestow.

4

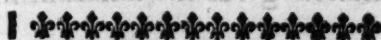
For what are shapes and colours bright,
 And each gay object of the sight,
 To a fair mind, which strives to shine
 In truth, and virtue's rays divine?

5

If lovely virtue rule your Soul,
 And every vicious thought controul:
 If ne'er in Pleasure's paths you go.
 Where pois'nous weeds and brambles grow.

IF

If her destructive clime you shun
And flourish under virtue's sun;
You, fairest flower, will bloom on high,
Unfading through Eternity.



A Midnight HYMN.

By Bp. KENN,

MY GOD, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take:
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Bless'd Angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high:
You joyful hymn the ever blest,
Before the Throne, and never rest.

I, with your Choir celestial join
In offering up a Hymn divine:
With you, in Heaven, I hope to dwell,
And bid the Night and World farewell.

My Soul, when I shake off this dust,
LORD, in thy arms, I will entrust;
O make me thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand!
May I, in sight of Heaven, rejoice,
When'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice;

All

All praise to thee, in light array'd,
Who light thy dwelling place hast made,
A boundless Ocean of bright beams,
From thy all-glorious God-head streams.

The sun in its meridian height,
Is very darkness in thy sight;
My soul O! lighten and inflame,
With thought and love of thy great name.

Bless'd Jesu, thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tir'd,
And all my zeal is soon expir'd.

My soul, how canst thou weary grow,
Of antedating bliss below;
In sacred hymns, and heavenly love,
Which will eternal be above.

Shine on me, LORD, new life impart,
Fresh ardor kindle in my heart;
One ray of thy all-quick'ning light,
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

LORD, lest the tempter me surprize,
Watch over thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

L

Mens.

Monf. BAREAUX's SONNET.
Translated by Mr. MOSES BROWNE, Vicar of
Onley.

THY judgments, righteous God, art just ;
 Yet, bears thy love with guilty dust ;
 But me ! — such matchless crimes debase !
 Justice forbids to shew me grace.

2

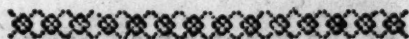
Yes — my black list of num'rous stains,
 Leaves me no choice — but pœnal pains,
 Thy attributes my bliss oppose ;
 Mercy itself decrees my woes.

3

'Tis just ! thy glory claims it all,
 These very tears offensive fall,
 I own thy vengeful rigours due —
 Strike — with thy bolts, this miscreant thro,

4

Strike ! if thine all-seeing eye,
 Can that, that single sin descry,
 Which He, who my whole debt did pay,
 Shed not his blood to wash away.



A Prayer for the KING. By a Lady.

OTHOU, from whom all blessing springs,
 Dread LORD of LORDS, and KING of KINGS,
 Attend thy humble suppliant's pray'r,
 And make our sov'reign *George* thy care.

Thou

Thou who on *David's* son didst pour,
Of royal gifts such plenteous store ;
To our young *Solomon* impart,
Each wish of his enlarged heart.

As he thy glory seeks, may he
Through all his life that glory see,
In rays reflected, darting down,
A double lustre on his crown.

May righteousness enjoin'd by him, †
Flow down as with a mighty stream ;
Subjecting to his high command,
The utmost borders of our land.

His princely virtues charm'd, we see
Rip'ning to full maturity ;
Shedding around their vernal bloom,
Sweet as *Arabia's* rich perfume.

May all his foes his vengeance feel,
Turn from his breast the murd'ring steel ;
May his brave troops be undismay'd,
Be thou O LORD, his constant aid.



O D E.

A W A K E, awake, my silent lyre,
Begin thy most exalted lays,
Let music's ev'ry pow'r conspire,
To echo out th' ALMIGHTY's boundless
praise.

† Alluding to the Proclamation.

Hence all ye transitory joys,
 Banish'd for ever from my sight !
 Begone ye glitt'ring gilded toys,
 And sink deep down in shades of endless
 night.

Deluded ah ! too much by you,
 I've sought your faithless charms too long,
 But now a loftier theme pursue,
 The LORD, the LORD of hosts employs my
 song

What tho' to spoil my innocence,
 Myriads of enemies combine,
 The LORD will be my great defence,
 Blast their vain hopes, and frustrate their de-
 sign.

The wretch, while fortune's favours last,
 May glut himself with vain delight.
 But when those flatt'ring smiles are past,
 His cheerful day shall end in deadsome night.

Not so the righteous : though the skies
 Look black, and threat'ning billows roar,
 On God, his rock, he still relies,
 Certain th' impending storm will soon be
 o'er.

Thus whilst indulg'd by vernal gales,
 The common trees their branches spread,
 But soon as winter's cold prevails,
 They lose the short liv'd honours head.

But

But the fam'd laurel's virgin boughs,
 A Constant verdure ever boast,
 Flourish when hid in deepest snows,
 And brave the ratt'ling hail, and pinching
 frost.

What pleasures can this world afford,
 With all it's pompous vanity?
 And what are riches, dearest LORD,
 Compar'd with heav'nly joy, compar'd with
 thee?

Without thy favour what is life,
 And what are fields of endless light?
 That is our burden full of grief,
 And these are nought but gloomy shapes of
 night.

My soul grows tir'd of all below,
 And glows with a celestial flame,
 Weary of earth it longs to go,
 And visit those bright orbs from whence it
 came.

There shall it ever tell thy fame,
 And sing a joyful Jubilee,
 There meditate upon thy name,
 And spend eternity in praising thee.

A THOUGHT

A THOUGHT in CHURCH.

WHEN hallow'd airs breathe thro' each
 peopled isle,
 And swelling organs fill the sacred pile:
 When the soul rises on devotions wings,
 And, Seraph-like, the Saint both burns and
 sings.

Imagine then *Jehovah* from his throne,
 Inclines his ear, and bows propitious down;
 Regards his vot'ries with delighted eyes,
 And deigns t'accept the tuneful sacrifice.



FAREWELL to the WORLD.

WORLD adieu, thou real cheat!

Oft have thy deceitful charms,
 Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,

Foolish hopes and false alarms,

Now I see as clear as day,

How thy follies pass away.

Vain thy entertaining sights,

False thy promises renew'd,

All the pomp of thy delights,

Does but flatter and delude:

Thee I quit for Heav'n above,

Object of the noblest love.

Farewell

Farewell honour's empty pride !

Thy own nice uncertain gust,
If the left mischance betide,

Lays thee lower than the dust :
Wordly honours end in gall,
Rise to-day, to-morrow fall.

Foolish vanity farewell,

More inconstant than the wave,
Where thy soothing fancies dwell,

Purest tempers they deprave :
He, to whom I fly from thee,
JESUS CHRIST, shall set me free.

Never shall my wand'ring mind,

Follow after fleeting toys,
Since in God alone I find,

Solid and substantial joys :
Joys that never overpast,
Thro' eternity shall last.

Lord how happy is a heart,

After thee while it aspires,
True* and faithful as thou art,

Thou shalt answer it's desires,
It shall see the glorious scene,
Of thy everlasting reign.

The

The FIRE SIDE. By Dr. COTTON.

DEAR *Chloe*, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance;
 Tho' singularity and pride,
 Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire,
 To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs;
 No noisy neighbour enters here,
 No intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast the jewel lies;
 And they are fools who roam:
 The world has nothing to bestow,
 From our own selves the joys must flow,
 And that dear hut our home,

Of rest was *Noah's* dove bereft,
 When with impatient wing she left;
 That safe retreat the *Ark*;
 Giving her vain excursion o'er,
 The disappointed bird once more,
 Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn *Hymen's* gentle pow'rs,
 We who improve his golden hours,

By

By sweet experience know,
That marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A Paradise below,

Our babes shall richest comfort bring,
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,
Whence pleasures ever rise :
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, or fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs :
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys ! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot :
Monarch ! we envy not your state.
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few ;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,

M

And

And pleas'd with favours giv'n :
 Dear *Chloe*, this is wisdom's part,
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
 (Since Winter's life is seldom sweet ;)
 But when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes,
 The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go,
 It's chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
 With cautious foot-steps tread ;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble, or a fear.
 And mingle with the dead.

While conscience like a faithful friend,
 Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
 And chear our dying breath ;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind Angel whisper peace,
 And smoothe the bed of death.

St.

*St. GREGORY NAZIANZEN's Lamentation,
for being banish'd from his Church. By
Bishop TURNER.*

BY sea and land strange evils have I borne,
By foes call'd friends, by wolves call'd shep-
herds torn,
But this the strangest drowns my wat'ry eyes.
To see our temple a burnt-sacrifice :
None, when Mount-Sion the proud Syrians
took,
None on their temple cast a sadder look ;
Even for the Ark none so their garments rent,
Nor *Jacob* so lost *Joseph* did lament :
No lioness so moan'd her young ones slain,
Nor he whose lambs they slew could so com-
plain ;
No bird so wild whose nest was torn away ;
To see her unfledg'd offspring made a prey.
As I those sacred ruins did deplore,
That sinking pile repair'd but just before :
Still as my heart and tongue remember thee,
So let my SAVIOUR still remember me !
Oft on my eye-lids when soft slumber falls,
I View in vision these once happy walls :
An airy temple in my mind I rear,
Fancy the singers, and the virgin choir, }
People that pray, and strangers that admire ; }
Widow's and orphans, wanderers sick and
poor,
While charity, fair matron, at the door,

Relieves their wants and smiling sooths their
cares,
Blest in their joys, and happy in their prayers.



First PASTORAL.
The SERVANT.
Lobbin. Perigot.

AH, *Perigot*, my lad— why stand you here?
Thus leaning on your crook, and full of care.
Come, doff your doublet— your best cloaths
put on;
Make haste, or we shall find the sport begun.

Perigot. See *Lobbin*, what a numerous flock
I keep,
And see, how much the flies torment my sheep :
They gad about so much, that Tray and I,
Have work enough all day to keep them nigh :
And almost every minute, as you view,
Look there — a plague on that old black-fac'd
ewe,
She always leads them wrong : — hark — fetch
'em, Tray :
I cannot keep them from the wheat to day,
Would God, that harvest-time but once were
come,
I Then might sit at ease, and see them roam !
Lob. Poo, Shepherd, never mind, they do no
harm.
Or corn, or grass, 'tis all your master's farm :
What

What matters which they eat ; come, leave them
lad :

And let's together to *Duke William's* head :
Besides the Hat at nine-pins, all who choose
May run in sacks, boy, for a pair of shoes,
Now, neat's-skin, and well-nail'd—but better
still,

Our *Sarry Dick* has challeng'd *Kentish Will*
To try a bout at single-stick they say :
Come, *Perigot*—what lad wou'd be away ?

Per. That lad, am I,—for tho, as you can
tell,

But few at nine-pins *Perigot* excel :
Tho' well I love our Village sports to share
The first at merriment, at wake or fair ;
My duty, *Lobbin*, do I better know,
Than to forsake my charge, and idling go,
At every call, without my master's leave,
Wasting the moments, I can ne'er retrieve ;
And bringing home at night—the spend-thrift's
part—
A Muddled head, and discontented heart.

Lob. Rare maxims truly ! and where got
you these ?

Preach to your sheep, my boy, and talk to
trees ;
Our shepherd lads will only laugh to hear !
A Master's interests to our sports prefer !
That will not, *Lobbin*, ever : for I trow,
They to our sports such preference will not
shew,

Then,

Then, be they pleas'd or not, I'll have my day,
For if one will not do, another may.

Per. " Rare maxim " too, may *Perigot* return ;

They merit well each honest shepherd's scorn !
Remember, lad, a saying of your own,
" No moss is gather'd by the rolling stone : "
So once you told me with a piteous face,
When wand'ring up and down from place to place,

Your purse was empty, and your cloaths were nought,

And your vain heart was humbl'd as it ought,
Now, since at *Argol's* board you live so well,
Your naughty heart again begins to swell.
But, swain, be careful, or too sure you'll find,
You sow the billows, and will reap the wind !

Lob. Something I reap — for on my back I bear,

Cloaths full as good, as thou didst ever wear :
My hat's as fine, my stockings are not worse,
And here, here's money, grey beard in my purse !

So cease your saws : to day's delights I'll share,
The doubtful morrow for itself may care !

Per. Ah, silly swain — and to the future blind,

Sure some black *Dæmon* has possess'd your mind !

For grant — which, *Lobbin*, strangely I mistrust,

Your gains are honest, and your wages just ;
Yet

Yet what you boast is all that you possess ;
 And how you long to make this little less !
 But *Lobbin*, think, from service if dismiss'd,
 Where will you live, and how will you subsist ?
 Will the old landlord at that same Duke's head,
 Who courts your money now, then give you
 bread ?

No, no be sure, he'll turn you from his door,
 When once he finds you penniless and poor,
 Or, if by sickness to your bed confin'd,
 What secret anguish will oppress your mind,
 To view no friendly master by your bed,
 No gentle mistress with her soothing aid :
 Anxious their good domestic to restore,
 Thus paying every service o'er and o'er :
 Oh pleasing state ! — how different thine to
 moan,
 Sick, faint, and poor, neglected and alone !

Lob. No distant ills, impossible and vain,
 Disturb my peace, or give a moment's pain.
 We shall catch larks, my lad, when falls the
 skies,
 So save your breath, nor be so wond'rous wise :
 For, think not, friend, to teach me what to do ;
 I can both read and write as well as you.

Per. So much the worse, — the pow'r with-
 out the will,
 But makes your guilt and folly greater still :
 For read you ne'er so well you never look,
 — I know it *Lobin* — in that Holy Book,
 Which brings such blessed tidings to our ears,
 So warms our hopes, and dissipates our fears !

Where

Where we are taught, that, provident o'er all,
 Rules the dread Sov'reign of the Subject ball
 A general Father, whose impartial care
 Alike the Master and the Servant share :
 Their lots tho' different here the same their fate,
 In the high mansions of a future state :
 If good fidelity they learn to show,
 In all the duties of their place below.
 —Chear'd by this thought—no labours seem
 severe,
 Thro' the long watchings of the toilsome year :
 Led by this hope, I live, with constant eye,
 To him, my mighty Master in the sky :
 And humbly still endeavour to approve
 By faithfulness on earth, my heav'nly love,
 —Thus pass I, like a pilgrim on my way,
 Hoping for better things some future day :
 Like those blest shepherds, who in tents abode,
 Strangers on earth, but denizens with God.
 Who now rejoice, their faith's high end attain'd,
 With him, who not the Shepherd's name dis-
 dain'd,
 And who his chosen flock, not only fed,
 But for that flock—oh Gracious shepherd—
 bled !

Lob. Why *Perigot*, my lad, thy flock for-
 sake,
 And like the *Cobler Dick*, to preaching take :
 Get a joint stool, like his thou'lt drive a trade,
 Nor him alone, but thou wilt much exceed,
 The bawling Parson, who the other day
 So long on our wind-mill did sing, and preach,
 and pray !

There

There thou hast learnt this gravity, I trow ;
 And rather after him woud'st groaning go,
 Than share our pastimes at the house below. }

Per. Spare your jibes for Shepherd, be it known,

I gad not after Preachers up and down ;
 Nor time have I, nor need—content to hear
 Two sermons every Sabbath thro' the year.
 And our good pastor—but why tell it thee,
 Who'd rather sleep, than at a sermon be ;
 —Well, well, laugh on, but they who win
 shou'd jest ;

And sure I am that *Perigot* is blest.
 Far beyond *Lobbin* in his present state—
 In future hopes the difference how great !
 —My master's love, by confidence is shewn,
 And all his interests thus become my own ;
 One of his household, his delights I share,
 And feel his pleasure, as I feel his care :
 Dear are his children ; dearer still they prove,
 As I experience their unartful love :
 And dearer yet they grow, when pleas'd I find,
 Their gentle mother to my wants so kind.
 Connected thus, I act a social part,
 And live a life quite suited to my heart !
 No solitary elf : — and here I trust,
 At length to mingle with my native dust ;
 Rejoic'd, if, like *Petruchio*, who of late,
 In his good master's house, resign'd to fate,
 I too — thrice happy — shou'd I my master
 have,

With all his family to attend my grave ;
 Smiting their breasts, and saying, with a tear,
 “ A good and faithful servant resteth here.”

This be my praise : and for this praise I'll live:
Your pastimes, *Lobbin*, no such joys can give.

Lob. Why *Perigot*, 'tis truth — you touch
my heart :

Shepherd, indeed, you've chose the better part.
I'll think to-morrow well of what you say, —
But can't give up the pleasures of to-day.

— Some other time I'll come, and hear you
preach,

But, my brave lad, you may for ever teach,
Before in W——r——d's bands you *Lobbin*
list : —

I Hate no creature like a *Methodist* !
Thus, with loud laugh the dolt departing
cry'd :

While the good shepherd shook his head and
sigh'd.



On the CREATION of the WORLD.

THE Earth with universal darkness veil'd,
In rude chaotic matter lay conceal'd,
In one vast lump together crush'd and bruis'd,
Shapeless and void, and without form confus'd ;
Till God's all-wise command — " let there
be light "

Dispell'd the gloom of everlasting night.
Darkness soon fled, and Heav'n's Supreme de-
creed, —

" Let day and night alternately succeed."
This done, he next employ'd his guardian care,
To make the consave firmament appear,

He

He spoke the word — the sea from land divides,
And in its proper channel swiftly glides.

Herbs, grass, and flow'rs, adorn the beauteous
fields,

And blooming roses soon a fragrance yields.

The variegated daisie paints the ground,

Each spot with curious workmanship is crown'd:

Here humble shrubs in ample order rise.

There lofty pines and cedars touch the skies;

Here sweet perfumes from breathing herbs ascend,

There trees of fruit beneath their burdens bend.

Two glorious planets eminently bright,

(One rules the day, the other rules the night)

Were made by that eternal power of God,

Who shakes all nature with his awful nod;

Besides the smaller orbs, the stars that rise,

When evening comes to decorate the skies.

Next he enjoyn'd his positive command,

"Produce ye Waters Fish, and Fowl you
land."

No sooner said, but in the briny sea,

The sportive fishes gladly frisk and play.

Each warbling chorister extends it's wings,

Glides thro' the yielding air, and sweetly sings.

Lo! beasts of different shape and different kind,

And creeping things abundant pasture find:

Both fish, and fowl, and beasts his power obey,

Leap into form, and own his potent sway.

God next created man, the chief of all,

The noblest, greatest work, the principal;

Man the sixth day this wondrous fabrick
crown'd,

Made to preserve the fruits, and dress the
ground:

Each beast he nam'd, that wander'd o'er the
plain,

Each fish that sported in the wat'ry main,

Each fowl that thro' the liquid æther flew,

Each plant that in fair Eden's garden grew,

Each flow'r of diff'rent form, and diff'rent dye,

Each lofty tree that reach'd the vaulted sky,

Each creeping animal the earth sustain'd,

All, all by the first man were nam'd.

Th' Almighty then his glorious work survey'd,

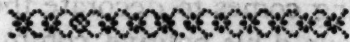
Beheld each thing in proper order laid,

And crown'd the whole with this his last com-
mand.

" Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the land."

Let ev'ry living soul his works record,

Let ev'ry breathing creature praise the LORD,



A H Y M N before Sleep.

By Bishop TURNER.

COME great FATHER, mighty LORD,

Whom none see, though all desire;

Come, LORD CHRIST, the Father's word;

Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire.

2

Our day's labour at an end,

Now 'tis time to take some ease :

Sleep our nature's gentle friend,

Wants our weary limbs to seize.

Minds

3
Minds in tempests all the day,
Wreck'd with cares and overprest ;
Drench'd in deep oblivion they,
All the night lie charm'd to rest.

4
'Tis the God of nature's will,
To allow this sweet repose,
This soft medicine to distill,
Balm of human pains and woes.

5
But while pleasing languor creeps,
On the little world of man,
Bathes him, in fresh cooling sleeps,
Marks his life but half a span ;

6
Quick as light'ning, free as air,
Round the globe the spirit flies ;
Hidden things to that appear,
That their various shapes descrys.

7
Loose from cares and unconfin'd,
As from Heav'n it first was brought ;
Streaming thence the ætherial mind,
Overflows with active thought.

8
Working brain, forms divers dreams,
'Midst the terrors of the night ;
Sometimes Heav'n darts with its beams,
Sacred and prophetick light.

Sometimes

9

Sometimes fiends from shades below,
 Truth efface, false light intrude,
 And with scenes of doubt and woe,
 Riddles dark the soul delude.

10

He whose heart is ever clean,
 He whose hands are never foul,
 Shall receive, with light serene,
 Myst'ries deep into his soul.

11

He whose heart is vice's cell,
 Where night-haggs their juntos keep;
 In their consults meets a hell,
 And its furies in his sleep.

12

This did that wise Patriarch shew,
 In the gaol the gaoler's friend;
 Made two courtly prisoners know,
 What their visions did portend.

13

One to this high place restor'd
 Does his master's wine prepare;
 Th' other, sentenc'd by his LORD,
 Feeds devouring birds of air.

14

Lo when dreams perplex'd the King,
 The young sage foretold the death;
 Bid them into gran'ries bring;
 All their crops from fruitful earth.

15

Then as minister of state,
 Rais'd to Lord it o'er the realm;
 Like a Demi-god he sat,
 Sharing empire at the helm.

John

16

John Our SAVIOUR's happy friend,
Whom his LORD, a friend as true,
In the spirit bids ascend,
Tour'd above the eagle's view.

17

Saw GOD's Lamb new slain and crown'd,
Clad in crimson robes of state :
Who alone was worthy found,
To unseal the book of fate :

18

In his thund'ring arm he sways,
Such a flaming steel as like,
Flashing light'ning several ways,
Threatens double strokes to strike.

19

He, great searcher, has in sight,
Soul or body's least offence ;
Bids that two-edg'd sword of light,
First and second death dispense.

20

Such blest visions him inspire,
Till the Saint-like hero wakes ;
His high genius mounting higher,
Thro' all Heaven a progress takes.

21

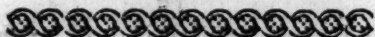
We pretend to no such flight,
We whom errors lead astray,
We whom evil lusts benight,
We must take a lower way.

22

Thou that dost thy God revere,
Think upon the laver now ;
Cleansed and anointed there,
Think of thy baptismal vow.

When

When sleep bows that head of thine,
 Think who bow'd his head for thee,
 Let thy soul still bear his sign,
 And thy heart his livery,



The BENEDICTE paraphrased. By the
Rev. Mr. MERRICK of OXFORD.

YE works of God, on him alone ;
 In earth his footstools, Heaven his throne,
 Be all your praise bestow'd ;
 Whose hand the beauteous fabrick made,
 Whose eye the finished work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.

The Angels all with loud acclaim,
 Admiring view'd the new born frame,
 And hail'd the Eternal King ;
 Again proclaim your maker's praise,
 Again your thankful voices raise,
 And touch the tuneful string.

Praise him, ye bless'd ætherial plains,
 Where, in full Majesty, he deigns
 To fix his awful throne ;
 Ye waters that above him roll,
 From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
 O ! make his praises known !

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, powers,
 Join ye your joyful songs with ours,

With

With us your voices raise ;
 From age to age extend the lay,
 To Heav'n's eternal Monarch pay,
 Hymns of eternal praise.

Cælestial orb !— whose pow'rful ray,
 Opes the glad eye-lids of the day,
 Whose influence all things own ;
 Praise him, whose courts effulgent shine,
 With light, as far excelling thine,
 As thine the paler moon.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the sky,
 Whose lamps the absent sun supply,
 With him the song pursue ;
 And let himself submissive own,
 He borrows from a brighter sun,
 The light he lends to you.

Ye show'rs, and dews, whose moisture shed,
 Calls into life the op'ning seed,
 To him your praises yield ;
 Whose influence makes the genial birth,
 Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
 And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds that oft' tempestuous sweep
 The ruffled surface of the deep,
 With us confess your God ;
 See, through the heav'n's the King of Kings,
 Up borne on your expanded wings,
 Comes flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye blow,
 With just submission humbly bow

To his superior pow'r ;
 Who stops the tempest on its way,
 Or bids the flaming deluge stray,
 Or gives it strength to roar.

Ye Summer's heat, and Winter's cold,
 By turns in long succession roll'd,
 The drooping world to cheer ;
 Praise him, who gave the sun and moon,
 To lead the various seasons on,
 And guide the circling year.

Ye frosts that bind the wat'ry plain,
 Ye silent show'rs of fleecy rain,
 Pursue the heav'nly theme ;
 Praise him, who sheds the driving snow,
 Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
 And stops the rapid stream.

Ye days and nights, that, swiftly born,
 From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
 Alternate glide away ;
 Praise him, whose never varying light,
 Absent, adds horror to the night,
 But present, gives the day.

Light — from whose rays all beauty springs,
 Darkness — whose wide — expanded wings,
 Involves the dusky globe ;
 Praise him, who when the Heav'ns he spread,
 Darkness his thick pavilion made,
 And light his regal robe,

Praise him ye light'nings as ye fly,
 Wing'd with his vengeance through the sky,

And

And red with wrath divine ;
 Praise him ye clouds that wand'ring stray,
 Or fix'd by him in close array,
 Surround his awful shrine,

Exalt, O Earth ! thy heav'nly King,
 That bids the plants, that from thee spring,
 With annual verdure bloom ;
 Whose frequent drops of kindly rain,
 Prolifick swell the ripening grain,
 And bless thy fertile womb.

Ye mountains that ambitious rise,
 And heave your summits to the skies,
 Revere his awful nod ;
 Think how you once affrighted fled,
 When *Jordan* sought his fountain-head,
 And own th' approaching God.

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene,
 Ye flowers, that o'er th' enamel'd green,
 In native beauty reign ;
 O Praise the ruler of the skies,
 Whose hand the genial sap supplies,
 And cloathes the smiling plain.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,
 That murm'ring rise among the hills,
 Or fill the humble vale ;
 Praise him, at whose Almighty nod,
 The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,
 And form'd a springing well.

Praise him ye floods and seas profound,
 Whose waves the spacious earth surround,

And roll from shore to shore ;
 Aw'd by his voice, ye seas subside,
 Ye floods within your channels glide,
 And tremble and adore.

Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,
 Or in its dark recesses sleep,
 Remote from human eye ;
 Praise him by whom ye all are fed,
 Praise him without whose heavenly aid,
 Ye languish, faint and die.

Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name,
 Begin and with th' important theme,
 Your artless lays improve ;
 Wake with your songs the rising day,
 Let music sound on every spray,
 And fill the vocal grove.

Praise him, ye beasts that nightly roam,
 Amid the solitary gloom,
 Th' expected prey to seize ;
 Ye slaves of the laborious plough,
 Your stubborn necks submissive bow,
 And bend your wearied knees.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
 Who stamp't his image on your clay,
 And gave it power to move,
 Ye that in *Judab's* confines dwell,
 From age to age successive tell,
 The wonders of his love.

Let *Levi's* tribe the lay prolong,
 'Till Angels listen to the song,

And

And bend attentive down,
 Let wonder seize the heav'nly train,
 Pleased while they hear a mortal strain,
 So sweet, so like their own.

And you, your thankful voices join,
 That oft at *Salem's* sacred shrine,
 Before his alters kneel ;
 Where thron'd in Majesty he dwells,
 And from the mystick cloud reveals,
 The dictates of his will.

Ye spirits of the just and good !
 That, eager for the blest abode,
 To heav'nly mansions soar ;
 O Let your songs his praise display,
 'Till Heav'n itself shall melt away,
 And time shall be no more.

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
 Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain,
 The boundless bliss to share ;
 O ! Praise him, 'till ye take your way,
 To regions of eternal day,
 And reign for ever there.

Let us, who now impassive stand,
 Aw'd by the tyrant's stern command,
 Amid the fiery blaze ;
 While thus we triumph in the flame,
 Rise, and our Maker's love proclaim,
 In hymns of endless praise.

I Die

I Die Daily, an HYMN.

GREAT GOD! thy energy impart,
 And write thy lesson on my heart:
 Rouse every solemn thought, that I
 May ponder what it is to die.

To die—and quit this house of clay,
 And unembod' d pass away,
 From all things mortal; and have done
 With all concerns beneath the sun!

When all my days shall be fulfill'd,
 My character and state be seal'd:
 My naked spirit borne to God,
 And sentenc'd to its long abode!—

My change is sure, and may be soon,
 Each hast'ning minute leads it on:
 The shafts of Death around me fly,
 And every day I live—I die.

This, this my state, to die, I'd learn;
 And make it every day's concern:
 Then let which will be last—(this may)
 I'm not unpractis'd in the way.

O may I daily live above
 This flesh, this world, and wean my love:
 And every day abstract my cares,
 From mortals, and their mean affairs.

Spend every day as 'twere the last,
 And time redeem, e'er time is past:

And

And all it's precious portions o'er,
Redeemable alas !—no more.

Examine oft the state I'm in,
(Whether a state of grace or sin.)
If CHRIST has mark'd me for his own,
He'll meet me at his father's throne.

Rejoice my soul in such a stay,
JESUS, the life, the truth the way :
And trace the footsteps of thy head,
Up where thy heavenly hopes are laid.

He'll guide me to my dying day,
And guide it with a chearful ray,
And to my soul a mansion give,
Where bright Immortals ever live.



A translation of BEZA's Epitaph on LUTHER.

THE world Rome conquer'd, Rome the Pope
has sway'd,
She has her arms, and he his arts display'd ;
How much superior triumphs Luther's name,
Who with a feather *Rome* and *Pope* o'ercame !
Go, boast vain Greece of *Hercules's* deeds,
His iron club a feather's weight exceeds.

A SOLILOQUY.

A S O L I L O Q U Y.

*Written in a Country Church-Yard,**By the Rev. Mr. MOORE of Cornwall.*

STRUCK with religious awe and solemn
dread,

I view these gloomy mansions of the dead;
Around me, tombs in mixt disorder rise,
And in mute language teach me to be wise.
Time was, these ashes liv'd — a time must be,
When others thus may stand and — look at me.
Alarming thought! no wonder 'tis we dread,
O'er these uncomfortable vaults to tread.
Where blended lie the aged and the young.
The rich and poor, an undistinguish'd throng:
Death conquers all, and time's subduing hand,
Nor tombs nor marble statues can withstand.

Mark yonder ashes, in confusion spread!
Compare earth's living Tenants with the dead!
How striking the resemblance, yet how just!
Once life and soul inform'd this mass of dust;
Around these bones, now broken and decay'd,
The streams of life in various channels play'd!
Perhaps that skull, so horrible to view,
Was some fair maid's, ye belles, as fair as you.
These hollow sockets two bright orbs contain'd,
Where the loves sported, and in triumph reign'd:
Here glow'd the lips, there white as *Parian* stone,
The teeth, dispos'd in beauteous order, shone.

This

This is life's goal — no farther can we view,
Beyond it, all is wonderful and new.

Oh deign, some courteous ghost ! to let us
know,

What we must shortly be — and you are now !

Sometimes you warn us of approaching fate ;

Why hide the knowledge of your present state ?

With joy behold us tremblingly explore,

Th' unknown gulph, that you can fear no more !

The grave has eloquence — its lectures teach,

In silence, louder than divines can preach :

Hear what it says — ye sons of folly, hear !

It speaks to you — O give it then your ear !

It bids you lay all vanity aside ;

O What a lecture this, for human pride !

The clock strikes twelve—how solemn is the
found !

Hark how the strokes from hollow vaults re-
bound !

They bid us hasten to be wise, and show,

How rapid in their course the minutes flow :

See yonder yew — how high it lifts its head !

Around their gloomy shade the branches spread.

Old and decay'd, it still retains a grace,

And adds more solemn horror to the place:

Whose tomb is this ? it says, tis *Myra's*
tomb ;

Pluck'd from the world in beauty's fairest
bloom ;

Attend, ye fair ! ye thoughtless, and ye gay !

For *Myra* dy'd upon her nuptial day !

The grave, cold bridegroom ! clasp'd her in its
arms,
And the worm rioted upon her charms.

In yonder tomb the old *Avaro* lies;
Once he was rich — the world esteem'd him
wise :
Schemes unaccomplish'd labour'd in his mind,
And all his thoughts were to the world con-
fin'd ;
Death came unlook'd for — from his grasping
hand,
Down dropt his bags, and mortgages of land.

Beneath that sculptur'd pompous marble stone.
Lies youthful *Florio*, aged twenty-one ;
Cropt like a flow'r, he wither'd in his bloom,
Tho' flatt'ring life had promis'd years to come :
Ye silken sons ! ye *Florios* of the age,
Who tread in giddy maze life's flow'ry stage !
Mark here the end of man, in *Florio* see,
What you, and all the sons of earth, shall be !

There, low in dust, the vain *Hortensio* lies,
Whose splendor once we view'd with envious
eyes ;
Titles and arms his pompous marble grace,
With a long hist'ry of his noble race ;
Still after death his vanity survives,
And on his tomb all of *Hortensio* lives.
Around me as I turn my wand'ring eyes,
Unnumber'd graves in awful prospect rise,
Whose stones say only when their owners dy'd,
If young, or aged, and to whom ally'd.

On

On others, pompous epitaphs are spread.
 In mem'ry of the virtues of the dead ;
 Vain waste of praise, since flatt'ring or sincere,
 The judgment-day alone will make appear,

How silent is this little spot of ground !
 How melancholy looks each object round !
 Here man dissolv'd in shatter'd ruin lies,
 So fast asleep — as if no more to rise ;
 'Tis strange to think how these dead bones can
 live,

Leap into form and with new heat revive !
 Or how this trodden earth to life shall wake,
 Know its old place, its former figure take !
 But whence these fears ? when the last trumpet
 sounds,

Thro' heav'n's expanse, to earth's remotest
 bounds,

The dead shall quit these tenements of clay,
 And view again the long — extinguish'd day :
 It must be so — the same Almighty pow'r,
 From dust who form'd us, can from dust re-
 store.

Chear'd with this pleasing hope I safely trust,
Jehovah's pow'r will raise me from the dust ;
 On his unfailing promises rely,
 And all the horrors of the grave defy.

*The HYMN of St. AMBROSE,**Commonly called TE DEUM.*

THEE sovereign God ! our grateful ac-
cents praise ;

We own thee LORD, and bless thy wond'rous
ways.

To thee eternal father, earth's whole frame,
With loudest trumpets sounds immortal fame :
LORD GOD of hosts, to thee the Heavenly
pow'rs,

With pealing anthems fill the vaulted tow'rs.

Thy Cherubims thrice holy, holy, holy, cry,
Thrice holy, all the Seraphims reply,
And thrice-returning echoes endless songs }
supply,

Both Heav'n and Earth thy Majesty display ;

They owe their beauty to thy glorious ray.

Thy praises fill the loud Apostles choir ;

The train of Prophets in the song conspire ;

Legions of Martyrs in the chorus shine,

And vocal blood with vocal music join.

Tiny holy church, inspir'd with Heav'nly art,

Around the world maintains a sacred part,

And tunes her sweetest notes, O God, to thee,

The father of unbounded Majesty :

The son ; ador'd co-partner of thy seat,

And equal, everlasting *Paraclete* !

Thou, King of Glory, CHRIST, of the most
high,

Thou co-eternal, filial DEITY ;

Thou

Thou who to save the world's impending
doom,

Did'st deign to dwell within a virgin's womb,
(Old tyrant death disarm'd, before thee flew,
The bolts of Heav'n, and back the foldings
drew,

To give access, and make the faithful way;)
From God's right hand thy filial beams display!

Thou art to judge the living and the dead,
Then spare those souls for which thy veins have
bled!

O take us up among the bless'd above,
To share with them thy everlasting love!

Preserve, O LORD, thy people, and enhance,
Thy blessing on thy own inheritance:

For ever raise their hearts, and rule their
ways,

Each day we bless thee, and proclaim thy
praise.

No age shall fail to celebrate thy name;
No hour forget thy everlasting fame.
Preserve our souls, O LORD this day from
ill:

Have mercy on us, LORD, have mercy still.
As we have hop'd do thou reward our pain;
In thee we trust, let not our trust be vain.

*An EVENING HYMN.**By Bishop KENN.*

GLORY to thee my God this night,
 For all the blessings of the light.
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear son,
 The ills that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, e're I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread,
 The grave as little as my bed :
 Teach me to die, that so I may,
 Triumphant rise at the last day.

O May my soul on thee repose ;
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :
 Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
 To serve my God, when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply :
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

Let my blest guardian, whilst I sleep,
 Close to my bed his vigils keep :
 With love divine my bosom fill,
 And stop each avenue of ill.

Familiar

Familiar with my soul converse,
 Celestial joys to me rehearse ;
 And in my stead, all the night long,
 Sing to my God a grateful song.



The duty of consulting a Physician in Sickness.

By J. HARLE, M. D.

NO more expect th' immediate aid of
 Heav'n,
 As ages since, to our forefathers given ;
 Dispers'd and exil'd from our native home,
 We roam distress'd and sicken as we roam :
 When GOD in anger shook the Jewish throne,
 And hurl'd in ruins our proud empire down,
 Such wonders ceas'd, and now in vain we
 mourn,
 The vanish'd blessing never to return.
 Then hear my son, when sickness stings thy
 heart,
 Consult those learned in the healing art ;
 The healing art for man's relief was giv'n,
 A wise physician is the boon of Heaven !
 For man's relief the favour was bestow'd,
 And who contemns the gracious gift of God ?
 E'en kings respect him, for his pow'r can save,
 Their fleeting glories, and elude the grave.
 Look o'er the world's wide face, what various
 plants,
 Grow all around us to supply our wants ?
 'Tis not in vain such num'rous virtues rise,
 One species blooming as another dies,

By

By God's command a branch of healing wood,
Sweeten'd the brackish stream, and made the
waters good ;

Hence understand, that every herb contains,
Some latent virtue in it's juicy veins;
Down the green vale, or on the mountain's
brow,

From year to year, from age to age they grow :
The curious Artist with experienc'd hand,
Gathers the plenty, and disrobes the land;
While from the Heav'n of Heav'ns the eye of
God,

Surveys his labours and directs his road :
Bow down ye sons of men, before his throne,
Adore his name, and make his goodness known.

Again the sage begins another toil
(The limbeck's sweat, the fuming cauldrons
boil)

From the whole mass, the burden of the plains!
With secret joy a flood of med'cine drains,
With various art corrects the wholesome tide,
Health all his aim, and wisdom all his guide.

Now pining sickness, or distracting pain
Sinks the sad heart, or racks the tortur'd brain ;
The ghastly patient rolls his swimming eyes,
Groans for relief, and for the Doctor cries ;
The Doctor comes, removes the vexing pain,
And his heart beats with new-born joy again.
But oh! my son! when weak, and faint, and
wan,

Thy pangs return, trust not alone in man ;
To the great God in Heav'n thy prayer address,
He'll hear thy pray'r and pity thy distress,

Remove

Remove thy sickness, soften all thy pain,
 When human help, and human arts are vain.
 Yet dare not, dare not trust a bed-rid pray'r,
 Or vows extorted from extreme despair:
 In health alone, the voice of Heav'n cries loud,
 Correct thy crimes, nor trifle with thy God;
 Alike thy days in virtue's love employ,
 And life, or death will be alike thy joy.
 When health's restor'd, be grateful to the skies,
 And let thy thanks, like morning incense rise;
 Confess the pow'r divine, whose arm could save,
 Thy forfeit life, and snatch thee from the
 grave;
 On Angel's wings thy off'ring, all sincere,
 Shall then ascend, and please th' Almighty's
 ear.

Now let the Artist by whose timely aid
 Thy soul was screen'd from death's surrounding
 shade,
 Let him next Heav'n, a due regard receive.
 To him live grateful, by whose aid you live;
 Nor, barren of return, forget your moan,
 And scorn the Doctor, when the cure is done.

Whoe'er ingrate, assumes a scornful brow,
 His pain forgot, forgot his former vow,
 Who, drove by passion, gives his crimes the
 rein,
 And runs thro' ev'ry round of vice again:
 Who dares disclaim his virtue and his God,
 Again shall smart beneath the chast'ning rod,
 Again shall groan with all the wrath of Heav'n,
 And never, never know his sins forgiv'n.

An E P I T A P H.

PRAISES on Tombs are vainly spent,
A good name is a Monument.

*Inscription for an Hermitage.*

FOND man, retire to this lone cell,
And bid the busy World farewell:
Ah, quit the City's noisy scene,
For pleasures tranquil and serene,
Seek in this calm, this sweet recess,
The rose-lip'd cherub, happiness:
That haunts the Hermit's mossy floor,
And simple Peasant's rural door.
How pleasing is yon Oak's brown shade!
The spreading beech, th' adjacent glade;
The chrystal streams that smoothly glide;
The warbling trush, at even-tide;
Fond man; here sweetly thou may'st spend
Thy fleeting days, nor fear thy end:
Stealing thro' life, as thro' the plain,
Yon rill flows silent to the main.
Here (when in russet vest the morn
Walks o'er the mountain or the lawn,
Thy early oraisons begin.
And live secure from woe and sin;
Here too at evening's sober hour,
Adore the great ALMIGHTY power,
The sovereign Ruler of the Skies
For ever just and good, and wise.

An

An HYMN to the CREATOR.

By the Rev. Mr. MERRICK.

GOD of my health ! whose bounteous care,
First gave me power to move,
How shall my thankful heart declare
The wonders of thy love !

While void of thought and sense I lay
Dust of my parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd me into birth.

From thee my parts their fashion took,
And ere my life begun,
Within the volume of thy book
Were written one by one.

Thy eye beheld in open view
The yet unfinish'd plan ;
The shadowy lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

O May this frame that rising grew,
Beneath thy plastic hands,
Be studious ever to pursue,
Whate'er thy will commands.

The soul that moves this earthly load,
Thy semblance let it bear,
Nor lose the traces of the God,
That stamp'd his image there.

To the Author of TRISTRAM SHANDY.

YE S, they will laugh; but whom, O S—
enquire — ?

The wretched sons of vice and foul desire;
To these your page immoral may be dear;
But virtue o'er it sheds the conscious tear;
The wise the modest view it with concern,
Detest the matter, and the master mourn:
Is it for this you wear the sacred gown,
To write and live the Shandy of the town?
Is it for this the holy hand was laid,
'Thrice awful consecration) on your head?
Is it for this the hallowed page was given,
To teach high truths, and point the way to
Heaven?

Is it for this, that, trifter loose and vain,
With page unhallow'd, and with pen obscene,
You might against the cause of goodness war,
Soil the pure mind, and truth's fair features
mar?

Ah! think, what you will surely know too
soon, —

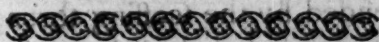
Tho' some may laugh, none love the loose buf-
foon;

But of buffoons the scorn and veriest fellow,
Is a buffoon (strange monster) in Prunello!
With all your might tho' you have stretch'd your
hand,

To scatter poison, and defile the land,
Yet let me once my gratulations pay,
For that your will exceeds your best essay;

I joy

I joy to praise you for your foulest sheet,
 Jests most indelicate, and dearth of wit:
 The time will come, when you with me shall
 join,
 And bless the blasting of each putrid line;
 For oh! the time will come, when you shall feel,
 Stabs in your heart, more sharp than stabs of
 steel:
 And all your wide-spread ill in horrid form ap-
 pear!
 When conscience stern shall thunder in your
 ear,
 Prevent the hour, for pity's sake I ask;
 And oh! perform your own advised task,
 Search your own heart, you'll find the debt is
 large,
 And haste, perform the duties of your charge;
 Leave the vile town, nor wish it in your pow'r,
 To shine the giddy meteor of an hour:
 As you have talents do not misapply
 Them, or your time, for man must surely die.



The P A S S I O N.

LET others sing the loves of nymphs and
 swains,
 Cool streams and shady groves, and flow'ry
 plains;
 A bleeding SAVIOUR's Passion I display,
 And tune to mournful sounds the tragic lay;
 Maker Omnipotent, my verse inspire
 With sacred ardors of celestial fire!

At

At length, perfixt by Heaven's decree, was
come

The morning, high with the Messiah's doom;
Behind a veil of dark surrounding clouds,
The rising sun his bright effulgence throwds.
Mean time the Jews, with rage infernal fir'd,
And ranc'rous hate, their Saviour's death re-
quir'd:

Encompas'd round with Swords and Staves he
stands;

With cords rude Soldiers bind his sacred hands.

To *Pilate* lead him—*Pilate* first consents
To shed his blood, then of the crime repents,
With water wash'd his guilty hands in vain;
(The blood he spilt could only purge the stain)
Now o'er his limbs a purple robe they spread,
A crown of thorns surrounds his sacred head;
A slender reed they put into his hand,
To represent a scepter of command;
Then bow the knee before him as he stood,
A pageant Prince, but yet the SON of GOD.
And now, attended by the scoffing throng,
He to the fatal cross is led along!
Mute as a lamb he to the slaughter went,
As meek, as passive, and as innocent.

Lo! now methinks, reveal'd to view I see,
The LORD of life, stretch'd on th' inglorious
tree:

Hark! how the thronging multitude below,
Rude insults offer, and deride his woe;
With impious tongues blaspheme th' Almighty
pow'r,

Whom, with dread awe, celestial hosts adore;

Scarce

Scarce thro' the croud one sigh or groan is
 heard,
 Tho' Angels mourn'd, and Heav'n in grief
 appear'd.

Now to his fate resign'd, his head he bows,
 And patient waits the period of his woes ;
 The destin'd moment comes — he groans — he
 dies —

And from its lovely mansion the pure spirit
 flies ;

When lo ! alarm astonish'd nature takes,
 Thro' all her works with strong convulsions
 shakes ;

Rocks burst — the dead arise — with hideous
 sound,

The rending veil now opens to the ground :
 Earth to its centre trembles with affright,
 And groans are heard thro' all the realms of
 night.

Darkness extinguishes the light of day ;

A darkness nations shudder to survey,

A darkness new — without opposing spheres :

“ Strange miracle ! ” a dread eclipse appears.

Blush then, proud Atheist ! tremble and
 adore !

Deny th' existence of a God no more :

Say, whence these efforts of unbounded love !

Such care for human weal, but from above ?

Where is thy conquest KING of TERRORS,
 now ?

And where the gloom that settled on thy brow ?

Since from soft slumbers soon the dead shall rise,

And dust and ashes claim their kindred skies ;

Where

Where re-enthron'd the great MESSIAH reigns,
Whose pow'r unchang'd thro' every age re-
mains.

To a C H I L D.

By Dr. COTTON.]

FAIREST flow'r, all flow'rs excelling,
Which in Eden's garden grew :
Flow'rs of *Eve's* imbower'd dwelling,
Are, my fair one, types of you.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses,
Emulate thy damask cheek ;
How the bud its sweet discloses,
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lillies are, by plain direction,
Emblems of a double kind ;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty,
Blossom, fade, and die away ;
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Ever-greens that ne'er decay.

The

*The L O R D's P R A Y E R.**By the Rev. Mr. FAWKES.*

FATHER of all, whose throne illumines
 Heaven,
 All honour to thy holy name be given ;
 Thy gracious kingdom come, thy righteous
 will,
 Let men on earth as saints in Heaven fulfill.
 Give us this day the bread by which we live,
 As we our debtors, thou our debts forgive.
 Let no temptation lead us into woe :
 Keep us from sin, and out infernal foe.
 For thy supreme dominions we adore,
 Thy power, thy glory is for evermore.

*The C R E E D versified.**By W. DODD, A. M.*

FIRM is my faith in God, whose word
 gave birth,
 Father omnipotent ! to Heav'n and Earth.
 Firm is my faith in CHRIST, th' eternal word,
 God's only son, and our redeeming LORD,
 By the third person of the sacred three,
 Conceiv'd : pure Virgin, MARY born of thee, }
 And judg'd by *Pilate* to the torturing tree ! }
 As man who died and to the grave was giv'n ;
 As God who rose and enter'd into Heav'n :

R

Where

Where he sits glorious ; and from whence shall
come,

To pass on all mankind the dread decisive doom !

Firm is my faith in that mysterious Dove,

With peace who visits on the wings of love :

And in one Holy Church, concordant meet,

Where Saints of all times, in communion sweet,

In that heart-cheering principle divine,

Which thro' repentance, speaks a pardon mine :

In that great day, when all shall rise, and share

Unending life in triumph or despair !

“ O while the thought tremendous fills my breast,

Hear me, my God, and guide me to thy rest.”



A HYMN on GOD's ETERNITY.

RISE, rise my soul, and leave the ground,

Stretch all thy thoughts abroad ;

And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound ;

To praise th' eternal God.

Long e'er the lofty skies were spread,

JEHOVAH fill'd his throne ;

Or *Adam* form'd, or Angels made,

The Maker liv'd alone.

His boundless years can ne'er decrease,

But still maintain their prime ;

Eternity's his dwelling place,

And ever is his time.

While

While like a tide our minutes flow,
 The present and the past,
 He fills his own immortal now,
 And sees our ages waste.

The sea and sky must perish too,
 And vast destruction come;
 The creatures, look, how old they grow,
 And wait their fiery doom.

Then let the earth shrink all away,
 And flames melt down the skies,
 My God shall live an endless day,
 When old creation dies.



S T A N Z A S o n D E A T H .

CA N the deep statesman skill'd in great
 design;
 Protract, but for a day, precarious breath?
 Or the tun'd follower of the sacred nine,
 Sooth, with his melody, insatiate death?

No — tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
 Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards
 around;
 Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of fate,
 Strikes the devoted victim to the ground.

What then avails - ambition's wide stretch'd
wing,

The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's
bloom !

The crape-clad hermit, and the rich rob'd king,
Levell'd lie mix'd, promiscuous in the tomb.

The *Macedonian* Monarch, wife and good,

Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
Courtiers shou'd call, as round his couch they
stood,

" *Philip*, remember, thou'rt no more than
man."

Search where ambition rag'd with rigor steel'd,
Where slaughter like, the rapid light'ning
ran ;

And say, while mem'ry weeps the blood stain'd
field,

Where lies the chief, and where the common
man ?

Vain are the pyramids and motto'd stones,

And monumental trophies rais'd on high !

For time confounds them with the crumbling
bones,

That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

Rests not beneath the turf, the peasant's head,

Soft as the LORD's, beneath the labour'd
tomb ?

Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay bed,

Than t'other in the wide vault's dreary womb ?

Hither

Hither, let lux'ry lead her loose-rob'd train,
Here flutter pride on purple-painted wings :
And from the moral prospect, learn—how vain
The wish that sighs for sublunary things :



Imitation of the Conclusion of

Horace's 1st Epistle.

FOR me let Wisdom's sacred fountain flow,
The cordial draught that sweetens ev'ry woe;
May providence the Just enough provide;
Nor let me float on hope's uncertain tide.
Add thoughts compos'd, affections ever even;
Thus far suffices to have ask'd from Heaven.
Who in the dispensations of a day,
Grants life, grants death; now gives, now takes
away,
To scaffolds oft the ribbon'd spoiler brings:
Tears wands from Statesmen, and their crowns
from kings;
From the repining heart the bliss decreed:
But leaves the man of virtue blest indeed.
Be life the care of Heaven; be't ours to find,
Still equal to itself the balanc'd mind,
Fame, beauty, wealth, forgot each tinsel toy;
With studious quiet pleas'd; and placid joy;
In these, and these alone supremely blest,
Let fools and madmen scramble for the rest.

S O L-

S O L I T U D E.

“**L**ET the proud, the vain, th’ ambitious,
 “ Mount on grandeur’s tott’ring tree;
 “ To the topmost bough their wishes,—
 “ Anxious all! exalted be!”

Me, my kinder fate presiding,
 Grant these blessings permanent :
 Reason in my breast abiding,
 Solid peace, and sweet content,

Hapless all whom wealth bewitches,
 Heaven my real wants supply !
 Give me truer, greater riches,
 Earth’s dependance which deny.

Guide me, kindest fortune, guide me
 To some lonely safe retreat;
 Where obscurity shall hide me
 From contention, noise, debate :

Where the lark ascends to Heav’n,
 Warbling with melodious voice ;
 While each tuneful note is given,
 As a tribute to the skies :

Where the best perfumes ascending,
 Speak a grateful sacrifice :
 Where each shrub, while rain’s depending,
 Points the hand that bids it rise.

Where

Where each tree as seasons hasten,
 Hangs it's first-fruit off'ring high,
 Where the flocks, the pastures tasting,
 Utter forth their grateful cry.

Ants, small insects, in our station,
 Teach us honest industry ;
 Fading flowers the fluctuation,
 Of all joys, save those on high.

Sweets diffus'd on all surrounding,
 Shew us virtue's excellence,
 Warbling birds, the joy rebounding,
 From a conscious innocence.

Nature's sure a sacred preacher,
 Texts she gives in ev'ry field ;
 Rise, my soul, yon bee thy teacher,
 Cull the lessons which they yield.



The CHRISTIAN FAITH.

ON th' eternal Father I,
 On the everlasting Son,
 And the Holy Ghost, rely,
 One in three, and three in one !
 I believe, the King of Kings,
 Father, infinite, ador'd,
 Me and all created things,
 Form'd from nothing by his word,

Him

Him may I so love and praise,
 With the breath himself hath giv'n,
 So improve my life on earth,
 As to live with him in Heav'n.

²
 I in JESUS CHRIST believe,
 Light of Light, and God of God :
 Who, that we might life receive,
 Left his ever blest abode :
 Of no reputation made,
 He a Servant's form put on ;
 On the Cross our ransom paid,
 And our peace eternal won !
 Now at God's right hand he sits,
 Till the dread appointed hour ;
 When to judge the quick and dead,
 He shall come with mighty pow'r.

JESUS Master, give me grace,
 So to die and rise with thee,
 As to have a blissful place
 On thy Right eternally !



The CONVERSION of St. PAUL.

¹
WHEN *Saul* of old, with impious zeal,
 Pursued the Christians and their God,
 From land to land enraged he goes ;
 But JESUS meets him on the road.

Heaven

Heaven opens and celestial light
 Pours a bright deluge all around ;
 The flood breaks round his head and strikes,
 The trembling sinner to the ground.

3

When lo ! a wondrous voice is heard,
 " Saul ! Saul ! why persecuting me ?"
 " Who art thou LORD ?" the wretch replies,
 And Jesus answers " I am he"

4

" That Jesus I, whose wounded side,
 " By you is turned into scorn,
 " Forbear : he madly lifts his foot,
 " Who at the pointed good doth spurn."

5

Confounded and disarmed he lies ;
 And to the Heavenly voice resign'd :
 For with the voice a Heavenly power
 Had reached his heart and changed his mind.

6

" What wouldst thou, O much injured LORD ?
 " Command, I'm ready to obey,
 " To do, to suffer — here I am ;
 " Thy pleasure awful vision say."

7

LORD with like power this day arrest,
 Each sinner in the assembly here :
 Descend and let the force once more,
 Of Heavenly light and grace appear,

8

We tremble when we view our crimes,
 How great the guilt ! how vast the sum ;
 Oh ! change our hearts, forgive our sins,
 Come, come LORD Jesus, quickly come.

For a FRIEND troubled in MIND.

AL MIGHTY Maker, Father, Friend,
Do thou thine ear in mercy lend,
And hear a suppliant's cry :
My gloomy doubts and fears remove,
And, with thy mercy, grace, and love,
Be LORD for ever nigh !

When on the borders of despair,
My soul all filled with gloomy care,
And every comfort fled ;
Say to me with a cheering voice,
“ I am thy God ” and I'll rejoice,
And raise my drooping head.

When from the narrow path I stray,
And take the pleasing dang'rous way,
That leads to endless woe,
Do thou my God, my soul restore,
Thy help I earnestly implore,
For free thy mercies flow.

When I enjoy thy smiling face,
And taste the sweetness of thy grace,
O Keep me humble, LORD !
Teach me to walk with strictest care,
And let me shun the tempter's snare.
Directed by thy word.

When on the verge of life I stand,
And view Eternity at hand,

Do

Do thou my soul sustain,
Give me the Christian hero's shield,
And make me victor in the field,
Thro' him who died to reign.

And when the Arch-angel's trumpet sounds,
And thro' the realms of death resounds,
May I with transport rise :
Behold the Judge my faithful friend,
And joys commence, no more to end,
Above the starry skies.



Dr. Lowth's Latin Ode Imitated.

LET art, my fair one, to your charms
resign,
Its studied foibles, and each vain design;
Of glass and gauze, and tawdry dress beware;
Paint, patches, and perfumes, oh spare! oh
spare!

See how the spring, in beauties all its own,
Smiles oh how sweet! in every dale and town,
Surpassing far his Lordship's neat parterre,
Adorned at vast expences through the year.

See how the streams from generous fountains
flow,
Rill o'er the pebbles, murmuring as they go,

Through winding channels, sweep their course
 along,
 Wave swelling upon wave, as they pass on.

Hark! how the birds, in the first dawn of
 spring,
 Shrill out their songs, make woods and groves
 to ring,
 Unthought they swell, they strain their little
 throats,
 And doubly please with unconcerted notes.

If art, in you, no mimic charms be tray,
 A thousand graces round your features play;
 But if, by sham device you would impose,
 Pure naked love will your base wiles expose.

Let no proud hand your hair in ringlets bind,
 Drop no false curls to dangle in the wind,
 Let sparks no more irradiate your ear,
 No vile perfumes your lovely locks besneer,

Locks lovely! oh how lovely neat indeed!
 Fair Egypt's Queen's by far they do exceed.
 Tho' her's be rank'd amidst the starry choir,
 And round her ruby neck dart rays of fire,

With artless thee, no Juno can compare,
 Shou'd she assume thy very shape and air,
 Display thy charms in all their beauteous kinds,
 And sport thy undeck'd tresses to the winds.

An

An ELEGY on SIN.

ADIEU! destructive source of ev'ry ill,
 That marrs the path to virtue's dear abode,
 Adieu O thou, that captivates my will,
 And steals my soul rebellious from her God.

How wouldst thou lure, with false perfidious
 will,

My youthful mind on fleeting joys to gaze,
 My youthful heart how treach'rously beguile,
 Thoughtless to stray in folly's fatal maze?

Too lightly varnish'd o'er the tinsel glare,
 Betrays the rueful rottenness within;
 The distant view of anxious sad despair,
 Gives to suspect the hapless fate of sin.

How many thousands, by thy cunning lost,
 How many millions, by thy frauds deceiv'd,
 In dreary darkness tread the gloomy coast,
 And mourn those truths they false believ'd!

No more thy transient joys my soul shall fire,
 No more thy pleasures cheat my youthful
 age: —

Farewell the raptures of each wild desire,
 And hail the bliss of contemplation sage!

All hail the sober, serious, thinking mind!
 That tastes serene the joys of virtuous life;
 Deaf to each lure to each enticement blind,
 That shares no folly, and that feels no strife;

Give

Give O benign ! with thee henceforth to tread,
The future years which fate shall deign be-
stow ;
Whether at ease in pleasure's flow'ry mead,
Or 'midst the dreary wilds of anxious woe !



The T U L I P and V I O L E T,

From THEODOSIA's Poems.

SEE yonder gaudy Tulip rise,
And to the sun her leaves display,
My fancy gives her voice and eyes,
And thus the boaster seems to say,

" Queen of the gay parterre I reign,
" My glowing dyes, how bright they shine !
" The flow'rs unfold their bloom in vain,
" No flow'r has charms to equal mine.

" By nature meant for regal sway,
" Tall and majestic I appear ;
" Ye subject tribes, your Queen obey,
" My high command submissive hear.

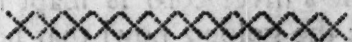
" When I unfold my matchless bloom,
" And to the noon my beauties spread ;
" Let no aspiring flow'r presume,
" Near me to lift her abject head."

The

The flow'rs are silent while she speaks,
 And only blush to hear her pride.
 The silence when a Violet breaks,
 That crept, unheeded by her side.

" Thy arrogance, imperious flow'r,
 " To real worth hath made thee blind ;
 " Thy vaunted beauties of an hour,
 " Are charms of an inferior kind.
 " From thee no fragrant odours breathe,
 " No healing gifts thy leaves bestow,
 " The flow'rs thou view'st with scorn beneath,
 " Can more pretence to merit shew.
 " The Cowslip's virtues, and my own,
 " Let man, let grateful man confess ;
 " To him our real worth is known,
 " Thee he admires but for thy dress."

The friendly hint, ye list'ning fair,
 Reflection bids the muse apply ;
 Let useful virtues be your care,
 Nor boast your pow'r to please the eye.



The PICTURE of OLD AGE.

By Mr. FAWKES, M. A.

MY son, attentive hear the voice of truth,
 Remember thy CREATOR in thy youth,
 Ere days of pale adversity appear,
 And age and sorrow fill the gloomy year,
 When

When wearied with vexation, thou shalt say,
 "No rest by night I know, no joy by day."

Ere the bright soul's enlighten'd pow'rs wax
 frail,

Ere reason, memory, and fancy fail,
 But care succeeds to care, and pain to pain,
 As clouds urge clouds, returning after rain:
 Ere yet the arms unnerv'd and feeble grow,
 The weak legs tremble, and the loose knees
 bow;

Ere yet the grinding of the teeth is o'er,
 And the dim eyes behold the sun no more.
 Ere yet the pallid lips forget to speak,
 The gums are toothless, and the voice is weak,
 Restless he rises when the lark he hears,
 Yet sweetest music fails to charm his ears.
 A stone, a hillock turns his giddy brain,
 Appall'd with fear he totters o'er the plain;
 And as the Almond-tree white flow'rs displays,
 His head grows hoary with the length of days,
 As leanness in the grasshopper prevails,
 So shrinks his body and his stomach fails;
 Doom'd to the grave, his last long home to go,
 The mourners march along in solemn woe;
 Ere yet life's silver cord is snapt in twain,
 Ere broke the golden bowl that holds the brain,
 Ere broke the pitcher at the fountful heart,
 Or life's wheel shiver'd and the soul depart,
 Then shall the dust to native earth be giv'n,
 The soul shall soar sublime, and wing its way
 to heav'n.

The

*The ROYAL PENITENT.**By the Rev. Mr. DODD.*

MERCY, oh mercy, LORD, with humble heart,

For thy known pity's sake, mercy I pray!
Boundless in tender mercies as thou art,

Take, LORD, oh take my foul offence away!

Oh, from my loathsome guilt, wash, cleanse my soul,

Remove, dear Father, each defiling stain:
Guilty, oh, guilty,—LORD I own the whole;

I see, I feel it—all excuse is vain.

Against thee, LORD, ev'n thee have I transgress'd;

Lo self-convicted, I before thee fall!

Just are thy words: their truth is thus confess'd,

Just are thy judgments! sinners are we all.

Prone to offend, or e'er to birth I came,

My mother when conceiving gave me guilt:

Shapen in sin was my corrupted frame,

When in the womb that wondrous frame was built.

But thou, of purer eyes than guilt to view,

Thou wilt accept the soul's sincere desire:

Pardon the past; the humbled heart renew;

And wisdom by thy secret one inspire.

T

Then

Then listen to my cry, and oh my God !
Purge me with hyssop, and I pure shall grow,
Wash me, foul Leper in thy mystic blood,
And whiter I shall be than whitest snow:

Again the voice of gladness let me hear,
Thy voice of pard'ning love for it is sweet.
The soul dejected so shalt thou uprear,
The worm, which crush'd, lies trembling at
thy feet.

Hide from my sins, the objects of thy hate,
Oh, hide thy face and blot them from thy
view :
A clean heart, God of grace, in me create,
And a right spirit in my soul renew !

From thy lov'd presence, let me not be driv'n,
Let me not lose thy blessed spirit's aid.
Again the joy of thy salvation giv'n,
Uphold, support, sustain my soul dismay'd !

Then of thy pardoning mercy satisfy'd,
Thy pardoning mercy loud will I proclaim:
So shall transgressors, taught by me, confide
In thy compassion ; — turn, and bless thy
name.

Ah, my soul shudders — from the guilt of
blood !

Oh from blood guiltiness deliver me !
Oh God deliver — my salvation's God ;
And praise unceasing, will I pay to thee,

Permit

Permit my lips, now clos'd by guilt and shame,
 Thy pardoning love, JEHOVAH, to express :
 Then to the list'ning world I'll tell thy name,
 Proclaim thy praise, and sing thy righteousness.

For crimes like mine no offerings can atone,
 The gift of outward sacrifice is vain :
 Could these avail, before thy righteous throne,
 Whole hecatombs I gladly would have slain.

The contrite spirit, and the sighs sincere,
 Which from the broken, bleeding heart arise :
 To thee more pleasing sacrifices are ;
 Are gifts, my God, which thou wilt not despise.

Hear then, and save ! and to thy people, LORD,
 Thy saving mercy graciously extend ;
 Oh, let our *Zion* live in thy regard,
 The walls of our *Jerusalem* defend !

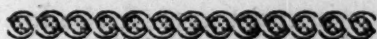
So shall the righteous to thy temple go,
 And joyful bring their offering and their praise :
 So shall the blood of lambs in plenty flow ;
 And incense from thy altar copious blaze !

*The JOURNEY of LIFE.**An O D E.*

LIFE is a journey from the womb,
 Thro' various perils to the tomb.
 With trifles pleas'd in harmless play,
 We pass our morning hours away :
 Of *Science* next th' ascent sublime,
 With painful steps we strive to climb ;
 A guide preceding points the way,
 Whom with reluctance we obey.
 Now *Pleasure* tempts with treach'rous smiles,
 Her dupes unpractis'd in her wiles ;
 Where e'er we turn our wondring eyes,
 A thousand beauteous prospects rise ;
 The fields adorn'd with flow'rs look gay.
 And smooth and pleasant seems the way :
 The joyous birds in every grove,
 Tune their melodious throats to love ;
 A chearful smile all nature wears,
 And in her fairest robes appears :
 But ah ! not long these pleasures last,
 Half of our journey soon is past :
 Beneath the Sun's Meridian heat,
 Fatigu'd with faintly toil and sweat :
 Thro' mazy ways, and Gulphs profound,
 We pass with dangers compass'd round ;
 On slipp'ry paths uncertain tread ;
 And Adverse storms our course impede.
 Now rising mists obscure our way,
 And erring we at random stray.

Anon

Anon on schemes of wealth intent,
 We climb *Ambition's* steep ascent,
 Above our fellow-trav'lers rise,
 And view them with disdainful eyes.
 Approaching near our journey's end,
 Beneath a weight of cares we bend,
 With tott'ring steps creep slowly on,
 (Our former strength and vigour gone)
 No longer warbling birds delight
 The ear, or verdant plains the sight,
 Groves please no more, unheeded now,
 Thro' flow'ry vales the river flow :
 Of life the tiresome journey past,
 We drop into the tomb at last ;
 Great Inn where all our sorrows cease,
 And Kings with Peasants rest in peace.



RESIGNATION, A POEM.

LET rash repiners stand appall'd,
 And in thy mercies trust,
 Whose abject souls, like *Demons* dark,
 Are murm'ring in the dust :

For man to murmur, or repine,
 At aught that thou hast done,
 Is as absurd as to complain,
 Of darkness in the sun.

Who wou'd not, with a heart at ease,
 Bright eyes, unclouded brow,
 Goodness and wisdom at the helm,
 The roughest ocean plough.

What

What tho' I'm swallow'd in the deep ?
Tho' mountains o'er me roar ?
Jehovah reigns, as *Jonah* safe.
I'm landed, and adore !

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
It's most tremendous form ?
Roar waves ! rage winds ! I know that thou
Can's't save by a storm.

Haste resignation, from the fields,
Where mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame ! blest Martyrs souls
Ascended to their *King*.

Who is it calls thee ; one whose end
Transcends the common size ?
Who stands in front against the foe,
To which none equal rise :

In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state :
How dreadful his appointed past,
How strongly arm'd by fate.

His threatening foe ? what shadows deep,
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow ?
His dart tremendous ! — at fourscore,
My sole Asylum & thou !

§ Resignation.

H Y M E N I A L

HYMNIAL CAUTION.

IN youth's gay bloom, ye lovely fair,
 Whilst ease, and affluence banish care ;
 You, in soft pleasures, waste the day,
 Amidst the debonair and gay ;
 With candour read, and care attend,
 These gentle strictures of a friend ;
 Which well observ'd, secure you'll tread,
 By conscious peace, and virtue lead,
 Of life the tragi-comic stage,
 Amidst a vain, licentious age. —

Shun — the weak Fop whose only care,
 Is to adjust his dress, and air ;
 Who self-enamour'd, ne'er to you,
 Respect, or tenderness can shew.
 The rattle, rake, and debauchee,
 Who place their bliss in luxury ;
 In taverns, stews, and sports, and noise,
 Averse to calm, domestic joys.

The Infidel whose daring aim,
 Is all religion to defame ;
 Who'll vow, protest, his honour plight,
 Then laugh to scorn each sacred rite.

The plodding cit, whose anxious mind,
 To stocks and trade alone confin'd ;
 The arts of pleasing must detest,
 When of your wealth, and you possess.

The sportsman rude, and sullen clown,
 Whose features ever wear a frown ;

Whose

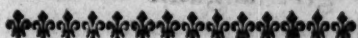
Whose vulgar ways, and aukward mien,
Excite disgust and raise the spleen.
Each sordid wretch, who hopes in vain,
Your hearts by settlements to gain,
Rates female merit, wit and sense,
By pounds, by shillings, and by pence.

Detecting these with all their wiles,
Affected compliments, and smiles ;
Whene'er you condescend to wed,
Choose for the partner of your bed ;
Whom virtue, and religion guide,
From these extreams of vice, and pride ;
Descended from a worthy line,
In person, graceful (if not fine,)
By happy nature form'd to please,
By blending dignity with ease,
Discreetly gay, politely bred,
In men and science duly read,
You or your friends to entertain,
With serious or amusing vein :
To gain respect in public life.
To shun in private petty strife :
By counsel aid, by reason sway,
As love, and duty point the way :
Your views enlarge, your tastes refine,
And fit your souls for joys divine.

When such bright youths attract your
choice,
Regardless of the public voice,
Or wealth, or state, those tinsel things,
From whence no real comfort springs ;

“ Health

" Health, peace, and competence" you
 know,
 Are all you can enjoy below :
 Of these secure, with those you prize,
 The art of Coquetry despise;
 With gen'rous warmth their suits approve,
 For love alone can cherish love,
 That tender sympathy inspire,
 And mutual fervour of desire,
 Which sanctify the nuptial rite,
 With constant, and serene delight,
 Make each revolving period sweet,
 And bliss, if bliss on earth, complete.



The COMPLAINT and REPROOF.

BY disappointments and afflictions fore;
Theron dejected, could refrain no more;
 Unguarded now to sad despair gave way,
 And tho' a Christian, thus was heard to say;

Unhappy sure is my peculiar fate,
 Such sorrows mine, as words can scarce relate:
 Each stage of life supplies the bitter cup,
 One trouble o'er, another soon starts up;
 And when I fondly fancy this the last,
 The next more sharp, obliterates the past.
 In vain for quiet have I form'd fair schemes,
 All prov'd abortive, all delusive dreams;
 Still foreign or domestic cares intrude,
 With adverse threats too big to be withstood.

Shall then no peace my lengthen'd years attend?
 Must they bring broils too, and in contests end?
 Did my great maker only give me breath,
 But that I might be looking out for death?
 Or was I merely born the weight to bear,
 Of ev'ry pressure malice can prepare,
 How basely treated both by friends and foes;
 Oppress'd by these, and first betray'd by those,
 What pleasing image from events unseen
 Can the mind raise when such the past have
 been?

E'en hope itself no longer can beguile,
 When they give anguish whom we caus'd to
 smile.

Shocking the sight of insolent parade,
 Men by perfidious spoils important made.
 Shall hypocrites still triumph with success?
 And the sincere be always in distress?
 Shall ev'ry ill perplex an honest breast,
 While to the vicious life's one constant feast?

Such were the strains, and such was *Theron's*
 grief?

Nor aught alas! on earth cou'd give relief:
 Then 'twas,—Religion lent her timely aid,
 And then her pow'rful influence display'd;
 A truly cordial drop sent from the skies,
 But list,—and ev'ry dismal phantom dies:
 Her dictates now a just impression made;
 Nor dares a meaner thought their room invade.
 “ Reptile in reason, thus no more repine,
 Renounce thy faith, or to thy God resign;
 Learn thy Redeemer's precepts to pursue.
 And keep his great example still in view.

Whate'er

Whate'er thy lot, 'tis from a hand divine ;
 The effort, not of chance, but wise design ;
 That being which bid all existence be,
 Does always right, and knows what's best for
 thee ;

Kiss then the rod the med'cine of the soul,
 Passions without it were without controul ;
 A treach'rous heart, elated by success,
 How prone, reflect, to ev'ry wild excess.
 Oh ! give the nobler faculties their scope,
 And fix on an eternity thy hope ;
 - Maintain thy post, be faithful to thy trust,
 And humbly wait the blessings of the just.
 Soon shifted will these scenes of sorrow be ;
 And thou for ever from thy influence free ;
 The trials which on *Adam's* offspring wait,
 May only fit thee for a better state ;
 Nor seen, nor heard, nor does the heart con-
 ceive,
 The plenitude of joys which Heav'n can give.
 If sacred truths inspir'd the soaring mind,
 In ev'ry cross thou wouldst a comfort find.
 The sensualist's low blandishments despise,
 And stretch with ardour for th' unfading prize ;
 That prize obtain'd, how light will then ap-
 pear,
 A transient term of fleeting mis'ries here !
 Forgotten they, and all this globe a scroll,
 When fresh, and in her bloom th' immortal
 soul ;
 Its body vanish'd, and its views refin'd,
 (The gospel then fulfill'd) and pure as mind ;
 Feasting, unsated, on celestial fare,
 And crown'd with bliss which Saints and Angels
 share :

Man's state below his virtue is to prove
 'Tis but a passage to the realms above;
 Tho' hard the journey, and tho' dark the way,
 'Twill safely end in an eternal day."

ON WATCHFULNESS.

HAVE Angels sinn'd, and shall not Man
 beware?

How shall a son of earth escape the snare?
 Not folded arms and slackness of the mind,
 Can promise for the safety of mankind:
 None are supinely good, thro' care and pain.
 And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
 This is the seat of combat, not of rest;
 Man's is laborious happiness at best.
 On this side death his dangers never cease
 His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

A HYMN in SICKNESS.

ALTHO' disease infects my breast,
 And chills each vital part,
 And nature droops by pains oppress'd,
 Unremedied by art.

No balmy medicines health restore,
 To this frail mass of clay,
 His sacred will I'll yet adore,
 " Who gives and takes away."

Remorseless

Remorseless leave the joys on earth,
 Nor at the loss repine,
 Since nature's awful second birth,
 Will raise me to divine.

For he on high triumphant reigns,
 Blest author of my meed ;
 He, who to expiate all my stains,
 On *Calv'ry* deign'd to bleed.

This precious faith my soul sustains,
 Makes e'en affliction light,
 To pleasure changes all my pains,
 And sickness to delight.

My pensive mind with comfort thrills,
 Whilst thus involv'd in woe,
 And mitigates the pungent ills,
 Which torture life below.

While I the sacred solace share,
 This prelibation brings ;
 The world's diminish'd comfort's are,
 Vain unengaging things.

No boding terrors can the grave,
 My soul resigned give,
 Since bless'd EMANUEL ! died to save,
 And rose that I might live.

In union with th' Angelic choir,
 Eternal anthems sing ;
 And prostrate, render due devoir,
 To Heaven's all gracious king.

Whilst

Whilst hope dispels the chilling gloom,
 And sooths the pangs of death,
 I long to meet my final doom,
 And yield my parting breath.



The ADMONITION of WISDOM.

Prov. 23.

GIVE me thine heart, my much-lov'd son;
 My voice with diligence attend:
 Impure desire, I warn thee shun,
 And vestal-chaste thy mind defend

Lewd Women else may turn thy feet
 And lead thee, careless quite astray.
 False, as the dreary, latent pit,
 Sunk in the nighted pilgrim's way.

Near Pleasure's flowery path, for souls,
 An easy prey—in wait she lies:
 Savage and pitiless, she trolls,
 With keen destruction arm'd her eyes!

To guard thee from that fatal course;
 And urge thee, ardent to pursue
 Fair Virtue;—lust's envenom'd source,
 The monster Drunkenness review!

He, grov'ling pest of antient times!
 The dire disgrace of later years!
 The goad to most flagitious crimes,
 The fruitful spring of shame and tears!

By

By foul intemperance begot
 On the gross Harlot Gluttony,
 To low abasement dooms the Sot,
 To wretched want, and infamy!

Sorrow and woe to whom redound?
 Contentions, brawls and cruel strife?
 The eye inflam'd, the self-sought wound,
 And every bar to social life?

To whom!—to those—the fordid throng,
 Who, with the appetite of Swine,
 At the high banquet tarry long,
 And greedy quaff the mingled Wine!

Ah! look not on't, tho' *Tyrian* hues
 Give it the purest purple glow!
 Ah think, how oft such witching views,
 Have wrought a fearful overthrow!

Less ills the serpent's bite imparts,
 Than the inebriate soul surround;
 Less baleful death the adder darts,
 Than flows the mantling glass around.

For — lo, th' effect — by wine subvert,
 By madness seiz'd the noisy brain!
 Then lust, and turpid sense accurst
 A free unguarded entrance gain.

Eager, wild looks of erring joy,
 Shall shameless wantons then survey;
 Jest's most obscene the tongue employ;
 Thoughts all deprav'd the heart betray.

Reiterate

Reiterate frequent these attacks, —

And who, begun, cou'd yet forbear ?
No more th' enfeebled mind reflects ;
No more remonstrance rules the ear.

In dull intoxication drown'd,
On nobler themes no more they feed :
But sluggish carelessness profound,
And vicious apathy succeed.

As who, on the wide wat'ry deep,
Reckless his lazy limbs shou'd lay ;
There seek repose, and balmy sleep,
Tho' rough waves o'er him roaring play :

Or on the tallest toppling mast,
Of some huge Admiral make his bed,
While *Neptune* dreads the thund'ring blast
And tempests bellow round his head.

Steep'd in the very lees of sense,
Thus stupefaction's sons remain :
Thus threatening evils urge defence,
But threat, and urge, and all in vain,

Nay, tho' each censure scandal knows,
Tho' every ridicule they prove ;
Tho' base affronts, and baser blows,
A due resentment join to move.

Insensibility presides,
Slow stupor fascinates their minds,
And lost in life the best of guides,
A weak good nature ever blinds.

When

When darksome night hath quench'd the sun,
 Swill'd the full draught, no longer men;
 Fair morn the wish again begun,
 But to repeat the draught again.

Then oh my child, detest their crimes,
 And flee the folly and the shame!
 Contagious lust, avoid betimes,
 "Nor ever drink till wine inflame."



T I M E and C H A N C E.

See ECCLESIAST. 9. and close of the II V.

READER, if fond of wonder and surprise,

Behold in me ten thousand wonders rise.
 Shou'd I appear quite partial to my cause,
 Shout my own praise, and vindicate applause,
 Do not impeach my modesty and sense,
 Nor deem my character a vain pretence.

Know then, I boast an origin and date,
 Coeval with the Sun — without a mate,
 An offspring I produce in number more,
 Than all the crouded sands which form the shore.

But what transcends belief, my precious breed
 Expire when born — yet my departed seed,
 Enter, like spectres with commission'd pow'r,
 The secret chamber at the midnight hour;

Pervade alike the palace and the shed,
 The statesman's closet, and the rustick's bed;
 Serene and sweet, like envoys of the skies,
 To all the good, the virtuous, and the wise;
 But to the vicious breast, remorse they bring,
 And bite like serpents, or like scorpions sting.

Being to arts and sciences I give,
 By me they rise thro' infancy, and live;
 By me meridian excellence display,
 And, like Autumnal fruits, by me decay;
 When poets and when painters are no more,
 And all the feuds of rival wits are o'er,
 'Tis mine to fix their merit and their claim;
 I judge their works to darkness, or to fame.

I am a monarch, whose victorious hands,
 No craft eludes, no human pow'r withstands.
 My annals prove such mighty actions done,
 As shame the puny feats of *Philip's* son.†
 But tho' a King; I seldom sway alone,
 The Goddess Fortune often shares my throne:
 The human eye detects our blended rule;
 Here we exalt a knave, and there a fool.

Lovers to us address their fervent pray'r,
 'Tis ours to soften, or subdue the fair.
 We now like Angels smile and now destroy,
 Now bring, or blast, the long expected joy.
 At our fair shrine ambitious Churchmen bow,
 And crave the mitre to adorn their brow.

† Alexander the Great.

Go to the Inns of Court — the learned drudge,
 Implores our favour, to commence a judge.
 Go and consult the sons of *Warwick-lane*,
 They own our pow'r, and they adore our reign,
 Their's is the Gold, tis true, but all men see,
 Our right is better founded to the fee.

'Tis thus all sublunary things we guide,
 Thus o'er your natal planets we preside.
 Kingdoms and Kings are ours — to us they fall,
 We carve their fortunes, and dispose of all.
 So various are our gifts, so free our voice,
 That coblers sit expectant of our choice.

But since my colleague is a fickle friend,
 Abjure my colleague, and on me depend.
 Either she's blind or sees with partial eyes;
 Either she grants amiss, or she denies.
 But I, who scorn the slaves that wear her chain,
 Hate the capricious measures of her brain;
 In ev'ry good and ev'ry grace excell,
 And seldom fail their hopes, who use me well.

Yet tho' in me a brighter treasure shines,
 Than ever glitter'd in *Peruvian* mines;
 Tho' men to my indulgent favours owe,
 The permanence of every joy below;
 (For man's best tenure, as the laws agree,
 Is all a perquisite deriv'd from me)
 Still man's my foe! ungrateful man! I say,
 Who meditates my murder ev'ry day.
 What various scenes of death do men prepare,
 And what assassination plots the fair!

But when my vengeance shall their guilt pursue,
 And oh ! what vengeance to such guilt is due !
 They shall with bleeding hearts lament their fate,
 And curse their folly, when it proves too late.
 While they are blest beyond the pow'rs of thought,
 Who weigh my gifts, and prize them as they ought :
 Who know, that I am always on my wings,
 And never stay in compliment to Kings :
 Who wisely therefore, with collected might,
 Attend my pinions, and improve my flight :
 Or, if perchance they loiter'd in the race.
 Chide their slow footsteps, and renew their pace :
 These, these are wisdom's sons ! whose souls
 shall rise,
 Above the boundaries of created skies ;
 Shall live, when empires fail, as fail they must,
 And all their cloud-capt towers be moulder'd
 into dust.



TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

TO celebrate JEHOVAH's fame,
 And praise his great, his wond'rous name,
 Let us our voices raise ;
 Awake my lyre and gentle lute,
 Nor let one grateful string be mute,
 But all resound with praise.

Let

Let earth, in sympathetic strain,
 Extol the blessings of his reign,
 Let Angels join the song,
 Let Heav'n and all the stars, that roll
 About the north, or southern pole,
 The harmony prolong.

Hark ! how the heavenly Seraphs sing,
 Hail, holy, holy, holy, KING,
 Eternal God alone !
 Haste, join the lay ye heav'nly plains,
 Where, cloath'd with Majesty he deigne,
 To fix his splendid throne.

Hark ! how the Apostolic choir,
 To praise him touch the vocal lyre ;
 Whilst martyrs tune their throats ;
 Whilst, through the world dispers'd abroad,
 The holy church extols her God,
 In lofty, sounding notes.

Thee they proclaim — Father of light,
 With glory crown'd, of matchless might,
 On thee the nations call ;
 With joy they own thy blessed Son,
 With what the HOLY GHOST has done,
 The comforter of all.

Thee CHRIST, th' eternal son they sing,
 Thee they extol the glorious KING,
 With shouts and loud acclaim ;
 When in the spotless Virgin's womb,
 For men devoted to the tomb,
 Thou took'st an human frame :

When

When death, terrific King, o'erthrown,
 Thou shewd'st to us, distrest forlorn,
 To heav'nly bliss the way ;
 Where shining with a glorious crown,
 Thou sittest on thy Father's throne,
 The judge whom all obey.

For this, with praise we thee adore,
 For this thy God-head we implore,
 To hear thy servant's prayer ;
 For whom, (of love O matchless sign)
 Thou did'st thy precious blood resign,
 To free from black despair.

Advance us to the blest abode,
 Where spirits of the just and good,
 Before thy Altars kneel ;
 Teach us to know thy sacred word,
 And teach thy heritage, O Lord,
 The dictates of thy will.

Thy acts we day by day proclaim,
 Thy glory is our constant theme,
 To thee our praises flow ;
 Vouchsafe to view us from on high,
 And guard us with a watchful eye,
 Whilst here we dwell below.

Vouchsafe to chear our wand'ring mind,
 Let us in thee our succour find,
 Almighty LORD of hosts :
 Guard us with thy protecting wings,
 And bring to nought, O KING of KINGS,
 The haughty Heathen's boasts.

J O B, CHAPTER 3.

WITH woes o'erborne, abandon'd by relief,

In dismal accents Job express'd his grief;
His bosom heav'd with unavailing sighs.
Then breath'd in vain these sad, these mournful
cries:

So loud his plaint, so heavy was the sound,
That moan for moan the echoing skies resound.

"Curst be the day when first I view'd the
light,

And curst again be that unfriendly night,
When first my form to mortal sight was shewn,
When first my birth to glad'ning friends was
known:

Curst be the time with more than Stygian
gloom,

And death's dark shadows be it's lonely doom.

Let not th' Almighty from his throne on high,
On those void minutes cast a gracious eye;
Let them receive an everlasting blot,
From others lie unnotic'd and forgot,
Because they gave my birth no just restraint,
Nor drew the veil o'er sorrows sad complaint,
Why dy'd I not, ere nature gave me light,
Or brought the struggling infant into light?

Why did the breasts prevent my panting
breath,

Or knees oppose the giddy swoons of death?

Then

Then had I been by no sad woes oppress'd,
 But in deep slumbers took eternal rest ;
 With Kings and Rulers long before expir'd,
 Who sick of life, had to the dust retir'd.

With Princes, who in shining hoards excell'd,
 Or births, which never parents yet beheld ?
 There to disturb mankind the wicked cease,
 The weary rest, the troubled are at peace.
 The pris'ners there enjoy unbroken sleep,
 Still unoppress'd, and still unus'd to weep.

There fate alike to mortal race is just,
 There high, there low lie mould'ring in the
 dust.

Why lives to weep the sadly tortur'd soul,
 To suck the dregs of life's unfriendly bowl ?
 Why for too partial death does man complain,
 Why call so oft, and why so oft in vain ?

Why 'mongst the sons of happiness is found,
 The wretch whom God with woes has hedg'd
 around ?

For swelling cares at first approach of morn,
 Like torrents rage, unable to be borne ;
 And those which fill'd me oft with tim'rous
 dread,
 Like bursting thunders crackle o'er my head.

Scarce happy days, or joyous times I knew,
 Or pleasure's landscapes open'd to my view ;
 When safety setting, robb'd, me of it's sight,
 And woe's pale eve brought on the thick'ning
 shades of night.

An HYMN to CONTENTMENT*By* Dr. PARNELL.

LOVELY lasting peace of mind;
 Sweet delight of human kind!
 Heav'nly born and bred on high,
 To crown the fav'rites of the Sky,
 With more of happiness below
 Than victors in a triumph know!
 Whither, O whither art thou fled
 To lay thy meek contented head!
 What happy region dost thou please
 To make the seat of calm and ease.

Ambition searches all its sphere,
 Of pomp and state to meet thee there.
 Increasing avarice would find
 Thy presence in its gold inshrined,
 The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
 Thro' rocks amidst the foaming sea,
 To gain thy love; and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
 The silent heart which grief assails,
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
 Sees daisies open; rivers run,
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)
 Amusing thought, but learns to know
 That Solitude's the nurse of woe.

No real happiness is found
 In trailing purple on the ground:
 Or in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the Sky,

Y

Converse

Converse with stars above, and know
 All nature in its forms below;
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise.
 Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
 This world itself, if thou art here
 Is once again with Eden blest'd
 And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood,
 And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
 The branches whisper as they wav'd;
 It seem'd as all the quiet place
 Confess'd the presence of the grace.
 When thus she spoke "go, rule thy will,
 Bid thy wild passions all be still;
 Know God—and bring thy heart to know
 The joys which from religion flow;
 Then every grace shall prove its guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
 In my hours of sweet retreat,
 Might I thus my hours employ,
 With sense of gratitude and joy,
 Rais'd as antient Prophets were,
 In heav'nly vision, praise and prayer;
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,
 Pleas'd and blest'd with God alone,
 Then while the gardens take my sight,
 With all the colours of delight,
 While silver waters glide along,
 To please my ear, and court my song:

I'll raise my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, Great source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way;
To light the world, and give the day,
The Moon that shines with borrow'd light,
The stars that gild the gloomy night,
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves,
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The fields whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Shou'd be sung, and sung by me;
They speak their maker as they can,
But want, and ask the tongue of man.
Go, search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal blifs,
Or own the next begun in this.



A GOOD WIFE.

From PROVERBS, Chapter 31.

By FRA. FAWKES, A. M.

Verse

10 **M**ORE precious far than rubies, who can
find

A wife embellish'd with a virtuous mind?

11 In her securely, as his better part,

Her happy husband chearful rests his heart:

With such a lovely partner of his toil,

His goods encrease without the need of spoil.

12 Bless'd in the friendship of his faithful wife,
He steers thro' all vicissitudes of life.

13 Well-pleas'd she labours, nor disdain to cull
The textile flax, or weave the twisted wool.

14 Rich as the merchants Ships that crowd the
strands,

She reaps the harvests of remotest lands.

15 Early she rises ere bright *Phæbus* shines,
And to her damsels separate tasks assigns :
Refresh'd with food her hinds renew their
toil,

And chearful haste to cultivate the soil.

16 If to her farm some field contiguous lies,
With care she views it, and with prudence
buys;

And with the gains, which HEAVEN to wisdom grants,

A vineyard of delicious grapes she plants.

17 Inur'd to toils she strength and sweetness
joins,

Strength is the graceful girdle of her loins.

With joy her goodly merchandize she views,
And oft till morn her pleasing work pursues.

19 The spindle twirls obedient to her tread,
Round rolls the wheel, and spins the ductile
thread.

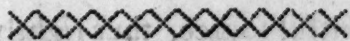
20 Benignant from her ever-open door
She feeds the hungry, and relieves the poor.

21 Nor frost nor snow her family molest,
For all her household are in scarlet drest.

22 Resplendant robes are by her husband worn,
Her limbs fine purple and rich silks adorn.

23 For wisdom fam'd, for probity renown'd,
He sits in council with bright honour crown'd.

- 24 To weave rich girdles is her softer care,
 Which Merchants buy, and mighty Monarchs wear.
 25 With strength and honour she herself arrays,
 And joy will bless her in her latter days.
 26 Wise are her words, her sense divinely strong
 For kindness is the tenor of her tongue,
 27 Fair rules and order in her mansion dwell,
 She eats with temperance what she earns so well.
 28 Rich in good works her children call her blest,
 And thus her husband speaks his inmost breast;
 29 " To *Eve's* fair daughters various virtues fall,
 " But thou, lov'd charmer, hast excell'd them all."
 30 Smiles oft are fraudulent, beauty soon decays,
 But the good Woman shall inherit praise.
 31 To her, O grateful, sweet requital give?
 Her name, her honour shall for ever live.



PURITY of HEART.

A Poem by Mr. SCOTT.

IN that rude climate where the Alps arise,
 And mountains heap'd on Mountains, threat the
 skies,
 From one prolific hill their wat'ry store,
 The *Rhone*, the *Rhine*, the *Po*, the *Danube*
 pour:

Thro'

Thro' different lands their different course they
bend;

Now prone in rapid cataracts descend,
Boil, foam, and roar, the trees impetuous tear,
And grate hoarse thunder on the distant ear;
Now stealing gently thro' their oozy bed,
O'er smiling plains their beauteous plenty spread,
With nect'rous dews the purple vineyards feed,
Bid olives rise and harvests crown the mead,
Fair commerce all her canvass wings unfold,
And fly to distant suns, and shores of gold.

Thus from the heart, that seat of joy and woe,
In various streams our various passions flow;
Now loud as *Etna's* smouldering torrents roar,
They burst impetuous; tides of reeking gore
Whelm in promiscuous ruin heaps of slain,
And dreary desolation sweeps the plain!
Now gentler grown with current smooth and mild,
They cheer the barren, sooth the thirsty wild;
By reason guided, checkt, impell'd produce,
In life's fair plan all ornament and use.

This fruitful source, thus rightly understood,
Of greatest evil, or of greatest good.
Whence all their hues our tinctur'd passions draw,
O watch, preserve it pure, with sacred awe!
Can streams be clear from fountains dark and
foul?
Or actions good, corrupt and base the foul?
No *Lucius*, no—fair virtue trembling flies,
Or should she stay, her boasted beauty dies;
Devotion turns to farce, and sense and spirit
Are what?—the venal statesman's grand demerit?

Constant

Constant at church *Avaro* prays so loud,
 His noisy zeal confounds the gaping croud;
 With hands uprais'd and heaven-projected eyes,
 Full thrice a day he smites his breast and sighs:
 Dissembling wretch, with heart so prone to evil,
 A mere machine, a stop-watch to the devil!
 Will nature's awful pow'r so just and wise,
 Whose instant glance thro' all creation flies,
 Pervades each movement of our inmost souls,
 Where thought impelling thought continual rolls,
 Pleas'd with such off'rings view with partial eye:
 Thy spacious form, and well fain'd sanctity!
 No, he beholds thee, wretch, tho' wrapt in pray'r,
 A Wolf disguised, a painted Sepulchre;
 Regards no more thy cant and godly whine,
 Than yon dumb statue, on the marble shrine,
 Whose hands are seen in holy rapture clos'd,
 And steadfast eyes to heav'n alone dispos'd.
 Pray'r's senseless image, where no soul within
 Speaks thro' the form and animates the mien.

When all the breast is pure, each warm
 desire,
 Sublim'd by holy love's ethereal fire,
 On winged words our breathing thoughts may
 rise,
 And soar to heav'n a grateful sacrifice;
 Not so, my friend, when carnal passions reign,
 And grosser acts of sin the heart disdain;
 Our souls all clotted by contagion grow,
 And brood, and grovel in the dust below:
 Like ling'ring ghosts, that loath, as fables say,
 To leave the body, haunt their kindred clay.

But

But ah how few a firm and faithful band,
 Th' assaults of warring passions can withstand !
 With whirl-wind force they now the heart assail,
 Now with surprise, and crafty feints prevail,
 Betray the fort, thro friendship's fair disguise,
 Till half consenting vanquish'd virtue dies.
 Ask *Cosmius* proud and vain, whose lavish taste,
 Ruins his health, and lays his fortune waste,
 What darling lust his sinful bosom sways ?
 What !—'tis an honest gen'rous love of praise :
 For ev'ry vice to virtue is ally'd,
 And thin partitions their weak bounds divide.

Thus the fond heart by some dear passion
 sway'd,
 Frail and corrupt is soon to sin betray'd ;
 Vice by degrees a firm possession gains,
 And o'er the willing soul despotic reigns :
 Dreadful no more the meagre hag appears,
 Pursu'd by doubts, and harrow'd up by fears ;
 Trickt out in lavish ornament she smiles
 A dang'rous *Circe* fraught with charming wiles.
 When some lone trav'ler, from *Ontario's* shore,
 Hears *Niagara's* rushing cat'racts roar,
 Appall'd he stands, with chilling horror pale,
 Or flies impetuous to some distant vale,
 Where prone beneath the Myrtle's od'rous shade
 Peaceful and calm may rest his aching head ;
 Not so the native hind by custom brave,
 Careless he hears the foaming surges rave,
 Views the wild scene with firm and steady brow.
 And cleaves in sport the madding waves below :
 Thus when at first from virtue's path we stray,
 How shrinks the feeble heart with sad dismay,

More

More bold at length by pow'rful habit led,
 Callous and fear'd the dreary wilds we tread,
 Behold the gaping gulph of sin with scorn,
 And plunging deep to endless death is born.

O sad estate defilement base and foul,
 When vice lethargic spreads o'er all the soul;
 When conscience that impartial judge assign'd
 By heav'n to check, approve, cond mn the
 mind,
 Like *Bufo* sleeps and leaves poor virtue's cause
 To a brib'd jury, and to tyrant laws,
 To lusts corrupt and vile, that wrong to right
 Prefer, and, blind with rage, call darkness
 light.

How blest are they my friends, whose hearts
 are free
 From vice, and passion's gross impurity!
 Whose mental eyes ideal truths behold,
 And purg'd from films and tinctures of earth's
 mould;
 Pervade with light'ning's force that blest a-
 bode,
 Where veil'd in brightness, reigns th' eternal
 God.



A DIVINE PASTORAL,
 From *Psalms* 23.

THE LORD is my shepherd, my guardian
 and guide.

Whatever I want he will kindly provide;

Z

Ever

Ever since I was born, it is he that has crown'd
The life that he gave me, with blessings all
round.

While yet on the breast a poor infant I hung,
E'er time had un-loosen'd the strings of my
tongue,

He gave me the help which I could not then
ask,

But now to be grateful shall be my tongue's
task.

2

Through my tenderest years with as tender a
care,

My soul like a lamb in his bosom he bare,

To the brook he would lead me, whene'er I had
need,

And point out the pasture where best I might
feed:

No harm could approach me, for he was my
shield,

From the birds of the air and the beasts of the
field;

The wolf to devour me would oftentimes
prowl,

But the LORD was my shepherd, and guarded
my soul.

3

How oft in my youth have I wander'd astray,
And still he hath brought me back to the right
way;

When lost in dark error, no path I could meet,
His word like a lantern, hath guided my feet:

What wond'rous escapes to his kindness I owe,
When rash and unthinking, I sought my own woe,

My

My soul had long since been gone down to the
 deep,
 If the LORD had not watched when I was a-
 sleep.

4

Whene'er at a distance he sees me afraid,
 He flies o'er the mountains and comes to my
 aid;
 Then leads me back gently, and bids me abide
 In the midst of his flock and feed close by his
 side;
 How happy if there I could always remain,
 All the days of my life and ne'er wander again.
 Yea blest are the people and happy twice told,
 That obey the Lord's voice, and abide in his
 fold.

5

The fold it is full and the pastures are green;
 All is friendship and love, and no enemy seen;
 Here the LORD dwells among us, upon his own
 hill,
 And the mountains all round with his presence
 does fill:
 Himself in the midst, with a provident eye,
 Regarding our wants, and procuring supply;
 He prepareth all things for our safety and food,
 We gather his gifts, and are filled with good.

6

When he leads forth his flock, we all gladly
 obey,
 For the LORD is himself both our leader and
 way;

The hills smoke with incense where'er he has
trod,
And a sacred perfume shews the footsteps of
God;
While blest with his presence, the vallies be-
neath
A sweet smelling savour do constantly breathe;
He reneweth the face of each living thing,
And the glad earth enjoys a perpetual spring.

7
Or if a quite different scene he prepare,
And we march in a wilderness barren and bare,
By his wonderful works we see plainly enough,
That the earth is the LORD's and the fulness
thereof;
When hungry and thirsty we're ready to faint,
He seeth our need, and prevents our complaint;
The rain at his word brings us bread from the
sky,
And rocks become rivers, when we are adry.

8
From the fruitfulest hill to the barrenest rock
The LORD has made all for the good of his
flock;
And the flock in return the LORD always confess,
In plenty their joy, and their hope in distress;
He beholds in our welfare his glory display'd,
And we think ourselves happy when he is o-
bey'd:

With a chearful regard we attend to his ways,
Our attention is prayer, and our cheerfulness
praise,

9
The LORD is my shepherd, what then shall I
fear,
What danger can fright me when he is still near?
Not

Not when the time comes that we pass thro' the
vale

Of the shadow of death, shall my heart ever
fail;

Tho' afraid of myself, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be my comfort and stay;
For I know, by thy guidance, when once it is
past,

To a fountain of life it will bring me at last.

10

The LORD is become my salvation and song,
His blessings shall follow me all my life long;
Whatever condition he places me in,
I know its the best that could ever have been:
For the LORD he is good, and his mercies are
sure,

He only afflicteth in order to cure;
The LORD I will praise while I have any breath,
Be content all my Life, and resign'd at my
Death.



EPITAPH on Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

VIEW there his grave: then view the skies;
you'll find
The measure of his body and his mind.



O D E to J U D G M E N T.

HE comes, he comes, the trumpets sound,
Loudly rends the vast profound:

Earth,

Earth, sea, and sky, astonish'd shake,
To judgment, come, ye dead awake.

Behold, behold, what myriads rise !
See, see what glory fills the skies !
The dreadful volumes open'd shine !
Oh, mercy, LORD, for mercy's thine !

The hour, the fatal hour is come ;
Fix'd, ever fix'd is human doom !
The earth dissolves, Heaven melts away,
Oh shield me, SAVIOUR, in that day.

Lo ! he ascends, to Heav'n ascends,
With his triumphant right-hand friends !
Time, Death, and Hell, expiring lie,
And gladness fills Eternity.



An EPITAPH in St. Martin's Church-yard.

READER, thou may'st forbear to put thine
eyes,
To charge for tears ; to mourn these obsequies :
Such charitable drops wou'd best be giv'n
To those who late, or never, come to Heav'n :
But here thou wou'd'st, by weeping on this dust,
Allay his happiness with thy mistrust ;
Whose pious closing of his youthful years,
Deserves thy imitation, not thy tears.

EPITAPH

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EPITAPH on CLAUDIUS PHILLIPS,
By S. JOHNSON.

PHILLIPS, whose touch harmonious could re-
move

The pangs of guilty pow'r, or helpless love,
Rest here, oppress'd by poverty no more;
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before.
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.



EPITAPH on a YOUNG MAN.

UNPITYING death, and the destroyer, time
Here fix'd my period, 'ere I reach'd my prime;
But in my God I trust (who dy'd to save)
To rise triumphant o'er them and the grave.
For you, oh reader! ev'ry earthly bliss,
Remember, closes in a scene like this:
Scorn then the shadows, instant which depart,
And to eternal pleasures raise your heart!



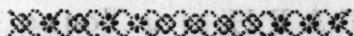
*An EPITAPH found in the Study of the late
Pious Mr. PARSONS, to which this request was
annexed, "that it might be inscribed on his Tomb."*

R E A D E R.

THE soul which inhabited the body that now
Lies at thy feet,
Is at this time partaking
Of the due reward, of its deeds!

The

The state is now unalterable :
 If good, it is happy, without fear of change ;
 If not, how great a mercy would it be esteemed
 Even for a short time,
 To be as thou art
 Capable of avoiding the torments of hell,
 And of enjoying the rest and pleasures
 That are at God's right-hand for evermore !
 Now is the accepted time, now is the day of
 Salvation,
 Oh receive not the grace of God in vain.



EPIGRAM *from the GREEK.*

A Blooming youth lies buried here,
Euphemius to his country dear :
 Nature adorn'd his mind and face,
 With ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace :
 About the marriage state to prove,
 But death had quicker wings than love.



An EPITAPH for herself by Mrs. W——.

DESTIN'D while living, to sustain
 An equal share of grief and pain :
 All various ills of human race,
 Within this breast had once a place.
 Without complaint, she learnt to bear
 A living death, a long despair,
 Till, hard oppress'd by adverse fate,
 O'ercharg'd, she sunk beneath the weight ;
 And to this peaceful tomb retir'd,
 So much esteem'd, so long desir'd ! The

The painful mortal conflict's o'er,
A broken heart can bleed no more.

EPITAPH *on an* INFANT *by a* LADY.

THO' infant years no pompous honours claim,
The vain parade of monumental fame,
To better praise the last great day shall rear,
The spotless innocence that slumbers here.



On the Death of the Rev. Mr. WALKER.

THE ALMIGHTY call'd—the fatal arrow
sped,
And number'd pious WALKER with the dead;
His gladsome soul, releas'd from cumb'rous
clay

Soars to the regions of eternal day;
I mourn the friend, who ever knew to steer
Betwixt wild rashness, and low-minded fear;
Who would not soften Gospel-truths to please,
Careless alike of censure and of praise.
To all he knew their portion to divide,
And still the Gospel was his faithful guide,
No ear to high authorities was given,
He taught, what only bore the stamp of
HEAV'N.

O happy shade! thy steps may I pursue,
And ardent strive to copy after you!
Oft have you prest me, Friend, for ever dear
(Your sweet advise yet vibrates on my ear)

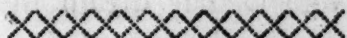
Tow'rd our high-calling's glorious hope to
 press,
 And labour after real happiness;

Still to be faithful to our Masters cause,
 Nor Shrink, when call'd to bear the sacred
 Cross.
 From his dear lips, what heav'nly counsels
 flow'd,
 How well he knew to lead the soul to God.
 How with incessant toils he fill'd the day,
 Let his forsaken flock at *Truro* say.
 O *Truro* wail th'invaluable friend,
 The Shepherd who still lov'd you to the end.
 His foes (if foes he had) must surely own
 His fervent zeal for their Salvation shewn;
 Nor did he e'er disdain to teach the young,
 But form'd to heav'nly sounds their infant
 tongues ;
 Babes well instructed lisp their infant pray'r,
 And spake their Pastor's never ceasing care.
 Unwarp'd by sensual ends, or vulgar aims,
 By idle riches or by idler names,
 Superior to preferment's gilded bait
 For his reward, he nobly chose to wait;
 Wait till his Lord, descending from the skies,
 Shall bid his Saints to endless glory rise :

At last exalted nature wears away,
 Spent with the toils of each returning day ;
 For each returning day had toils assign'd,
 To pour fresh light upon the sightless mind ;
 The sleepy to awake, the faint build up
 To a strong faith and never dying hope.

May

May every watchman in his footsteps tread,
 And thus religion's saving knowledge spread.
 Behold him now his strength is gone,
 To the cold grave in pain descending down, }
 Yet all his sufferings cannot force a groan.
 What christian magnanimity is here,
 What strong affiance in his Master's care!
 Tho with no flights of holy rapture blest,
 He still a firm, unshaken faith exprest:
 A faith well built in the Atoning blood
 His only plea, all prevalent with God,
 A faith which never, never, shall decay,
 But reign triumphant thro' eternal—day.



An EPI T A P H For a C H R I S T I A N.

READER!—with awe look down and learn,
 In time true wisdom to discern.
 Lo!—underneath here lies interr'd
 An upright man, who—seldom err'd.
 He rests in peace, and with the just
 Shall rise in Glory, from the dust.
 His pleasure was his maker's praise,
 In piety he spent his days:
 Just, charitable, good, and wile,
 A friend sincere, without disguise:
 With meekness he resigned his breath,
 And triumph'd in the pangs of death.
 His soul is fled to joys immense!
 To mourn, wou'd sure be great offence:
 But O! how good his steps to trace,
 And end, like him, our christian race!—

To keep towards heaven a constant eye,
 In faith like him to live and die :
 And when we from the dust awake,
 Of joy and endless bliss partake.



The S C U L L ' s A D D R E S S

WHY start! this fate will your's be very
 soon,
 In some few years, perhaps the coming moon.
 Life at its utmost length is scarce a breath,
 And those who longest dream must wake in
 death.
 Like you, I once thought every bliss secure,
 And Gold, of every ill the certain cure :
 Till plung'd in sorrow and besieged with pain,
 Too late I found all earthly riches vain :
 Disease made fruitless quite the sordid fee,
 And Death still answered—what is gold to me.
 Fame, titles, honours, next I vainly fought,
 And fools obsequious nurs'd the childish thought,
 Elate with brib'd applause, and purchas'd praise,
 I built on endless grandure endless days :
 'Till death awoke me, from my dream of pride.
 And laid a prouder beggar by my side,
 Go on vain man! to luxury be firm
 Yet know thou feastest, but to feast a Worm.

The

The CHARACTER of a Believing CHRISTIAN.

A CHRISTIAN is, one who believes things his reason cannot comprehend, he hopes for things which neither he nor any man living ever saw ; he believes three to be one and one three, a Father not to be elder than his Son ; a Son to be equal to his Father ; and one proceeding from both, to be equal with both ; he believes three persons in one nature ; and two natures in one person.—

He believes the God of all grace to have been angry with one who never offended him ; he believes himself to be precious in God's sight, and yet loaths himself in his own ; He dare not justify himself even in those things wherein he can find no fault with himself, and yet believes that God accepts him in those services wherein he is able to find many faults :—

He praises God for his justice, and yet fears him for his mercy ; he is so ashamed that he dares not open his mouth before God, and yet comes with boldness to God and asks him any thing he needs ; he is so humble as to acknowledge he deserves nothing but evil, and yet believes that God means him all good. He is one that fears always, yet is as bold as a Lion ; He is often sorrowful yet always rejoicing : Many times complaining, yet always giving of thanks. He is the most lowly minded, yet the greatest aspirer ; the most contented man on earth, yet ever craving.

He

He bears a lofty spirit in a mean condition ;
when he is ablest he thinks meanest of himself ;
He is rich in poverty, tho' poor in the midst of
riches.

He believes all things to be his, tho' dares not
take any thing without special leave from God.

He covenants with God for nothing, yet looks
for a great reward : He looseth his life yet gains
by it, and whilst he looseth it, he saveth it ever-
lastingly.



A LETTER to a Friend who made light of Religion,

Dear Sir,

THIS comes from your sincere friend, and
one who has your best interest at heart : It comes
on a design altogether important, and of no less
consequence than your everlasting happiness :
So that it may justly challenge your careful re-
gard. — It is not to upbraid or reproach, much
less to triumph and insult over your misconduct ;
no 'tis pure benevolence, 'tis disinterested good-
will prompts me to write ; so that I hope I shall
not raise your resentment. However, be the
issue what it will, I cannot bear to see you walk
in the paths that lead to death, without warning
you of your danger, without sounding in your
ears the awful admonition, “ return and live—
for why would you die ? ”

I beg of you to consider whether you do not
in some measure resemble those accursed chil-
dren

dren of Eli; whom, tho' they were famous in their generation, and men of renown, yet vengeance suffered not to live.—For my part I may safely use the expostulation of the old Priest:—

“Why do ye such things? for I hear of your evil doings by all this people. You make the LORD's people to transgress.” I have long observed and pitied you; and a most melancholy spectacle I lately beheld, made me resolve to caution you, lest you also come into the same condition.—I was not long since called to visit a poor gentleman some time ago of the most robust body, and of the gayest temper, I ever knew. But when I visited him: Oh! how was the glory departed from him! I found him no more that sprightly and vivacious son of Joy, which he used to be; but languishing, pining away, under the chastising hand of God. His limbs feeble and trembling, his countenance forlorn and ghastly, and the little breath he had left, sobb'd out in sorrowful sighs! his body hastening apace to the dust, to lodge in the silent grave, the land of darkness and desolation. His soul just ready to wing away to its long home, to enter upon an unchangeable and eternal state.—When I was come up into his chamber, and had seated myself on his bed, he first cast a most wishful look upon me, and then began as well as he was able to speak. Oh! “that I had been wise, that I had known this, that I had considered my latter end. Ah! Sir, death is knocking at my door; in a few hours more I shall draw my last gasp, and then judgment, the tremendous judgment! how shall I appear unprepared as I am before the all-knowing, and omnipotent

omnipotent God. — How shall I endure the day of his coming!" — When I mentioned among many other things, that strict holiness, which he had formerly so lightly esteemed; he replied (with a hasty eagerness) "O that holiness is the thing, the only thing that I now long for. I have not words to tell you how highly I value it. I wou'd gladly part with all my estate, large as it is, or a world to obtain it. What is there in the place whither I am going but God? Or what is there to be desired on earth, but RELIGION?" — But if this God shou'd restore you to health, said I, think you that you shou'd alter your former course? "I call both heaven and earth to witness, said he, I would labour for holiness as I shall shortly labour for life, as for riches and pleasures, and the applauses of men I account them as dung, no more to my happiness than the feathers that lie on the floor. O! if the righteous judge would try me once more; if he wou'd but reprieve and spare me a little longer: — In what a spirit shou'd I spend the remainder of my days! I wou'd know no other business, aim at no other end, than perfecting myself in holiness. Whatever contributed to that, every means of grace, every opportunity of spiritual improvement, shou'd be dearer to me than ten thousands of gold and silver. — But alas! why do I amuse myself with fond imaginations? These resolutions are now insignificant, because they are now too late: The day in which I shou'd have worked, is over and gone, and I see a sad, horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness for ever. — Heretofore, (woe is me) when God
called

called I refused, when he invited I was one of them that made excuse, now therefore I receive the reward of my deeds; fearfulness and trembling are come upon me: I smart, I am in sore anguish already; and yet this is but the beginning of sorrows! it doth not yet appear what I shall be—but sure I shall be ruined, undone, and destroyed with an everlasting destruction”!

This sad scene I saw, these doleful words I heard, and soon after attended the unhappy Gentleman to his Tomb.—The poor breathless skeleton spoke in such an accent, and with such earnestness, that I cou’d not easily forget him or his words.

And as I was musing on this sorrowful subject, remembred, O Sir I remembred you, for I discerned too near an agreement and correspondence between you and the deceased, “they are alike said I in their ways and what shou’d hinder them to be alike in their end, the course of their actions was equally full of sin and folly, and why shou’d not the period of them be equally full of horror and distress? I am grievously afraid of the survivor, least, as he lives the life, he should die the Death of this wretched Man, and his last end be like unto his.

For this cause therefore I take my pen to advise—to admonish—nay—to request of you to repent while you have opportunity: if happily you may find grace and forgiveness,—yet a moment and you may die: yet a little while and you must die: and will you go down with in-

famy and despair to the grave, rather than depart with hope full of immortality?

But I must tell you plainly Sir, with the utmost freedom, that your present behaviour is not the way to reconcile yourself unto God. You are so far from making atonement to offended justice, that you are aggravating the future account and heaping up an increase of wrath against the day of wrath.—For what say the Scriptures? those books which at the consummation of all things the Antient of days will open—and judge you by every jot and tittle therein. What say these sacred Volumes? Why they testify and declare unto every soul of Man, that whoso liveth in pleasure, is dead while he liveth; so long as you roll on in a continued circle of sensual delights and vain entertainments, you are dead to all the purposes of piety and virtue. You are as odious to God, as a corrupt carcase that lies putrifying in the open Church-yard.—You are as far from doing your duty or working out your salvation or restoring yourself to the divine favour, as a heap of dry bones nailed up in a coffin is from vigour and activity.

Think Sir I conjure you, think upon this, if you have any inclination to escape the fire that will never be quenched, wou'd you be rescued from the fury and fierce anger of Almighty God? Wou'd you be delivered from weeping and wailing and incessant gnashing of teeth? Sure you wou'd! but be certain, that will never be done by amusements which at best are trifling

fling and impertinent, and for that if no other reason foolish and sinful.—'Tis by seriousness: 'tis by retirement and mourning, you must accomplish this great and desirable deliverance. You must not appear at the head of every foolish diversion, but enter into your closet, and shut the door: commune with your own heart, and search out your spirit. The pride of life, and all the superfluity of naughtiness must be put away. You must make haste and delay not the time to keep (with all your might too) God's holy commandments, always remem-b'ring that mighty sinners must be mighty penitent; or else be mightily tormented for ever and ever.—Your example has been extremely prejudicial; I wish I cou'd say not fatal and destructive to many: let therefore the remainder of your life be as signal for true Holiness, as the time past has been for Sin.

Once more I exhort you as a friend: I beseech you as a brother; I charge you as a messenger from the Great God, in his own most solemn words, "cast away from you your transgressions, make you a new heart, and a new spirit; so iniquity shall not be your ruin."

Perhaps you may be dispos'd to contemn this, and its serious purport, or to recommend it to your lewd companions as a fit subject for raillery—but let me tell you beforehand, that for this, as well as for other things, God will bring you into judgment; He sees me now I write: He will observe you while you read.—He notes down my Words in his book, he will also note
down

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down your consequent procedure. So that not upon me, not upon me will the neglecting or despising of any saying turn, but on your own head. "If thou be wise thou shalt be wise for thyself, if thou scornest thou alone shall bear it." Be not concerned to know my name, it is enough that you shall know this at the last great day of accounts before the face of Men and Angels.— That this Letter may be diligently read by you, and your Soul benefited much by it; is the sincere wish and Prayer, of

Sir, Your's,

A PASTOR.

F I N I S.